

81-2/195

THE
TWIN-RIVALS.
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
DRURY-LANE.

BY
His MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Sic vos non vobis.

D U B L I N:

Printed for W. SMITH, Bookseller, at the *Hercules* in
Dame-street. M DCC LV.

Vel. A5 e. 5912



TO HENRY BRETT, Esq;

THE Commons of *England* have a Right of Petitioning; and since by your Place in the Senate you are oblig'd to hear and redress the Subject, I presume upon the Privilege of the People, to give you the following Trouble.

AS Prologues introduce Plays on the Stage, so Dedications usher them into the great Theatre of the World; and as we chuse some staunch Actor to address the *Audience*, so we pitch upon some Gentleman of undisputed Ingenuity to recommend us to the *Reader*. Books, like Metals, require to be stamp'd with some valuable Effigies before they become popular and current.

TO escape the Criticks, I resolv'd to take Sanctuary with one of the best; one who differs from the Fraternity in This, That his good Nature is ever predominant, can discover an Author's smallest Faults, and pardon the greatest.

YOUR generous Approbation, Sir, has done this Play Service, but has injur'd the Author; for it has made him insufferably vain, and he thinks himself authoriz'd to stand up for the Merit of his Performance, when so great a Master of Wit has declar'd in his Favour.

THE Muses are the most Coquettish of their Sex, fond of being admir'd, and always putting on their best Airs to the finest Gentleman: But alas, Sir! Their Addresses are stale, and their fine Things but Repetition; for there is nothing new in Wit, but what is found in your own Conversation.

COU'D I write by the Help of Study, as you talk without it, I wou'd venture to say something in the usual Strain of Dedication; but as you have too much Wit to suffer it, and I too little to undertake it, I hope the World will excuse my Deficiency, and you will pardon the Presumption of,

S I R,

December
23, 1702.

Your most oblig'd, and
most humble Servant,

A 2

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

T H E P R E F A C E.

TH E Success and Countenance that Debauchery has met with in Plays, was the most severe and reasonable Charge against their Authors in Mr. *Collier's Short View*; and indeed this Gentleman had done the *Drama* considerable Service, had he arraign'd the Stage only to punish its Misdemeanors, and not to take away its Life; but there is an Advantage to be made sometimes of the Advice of an Enemy, and the only Way to disappoint his Designs, is to improve upon his Invektive, and to make the Stage flourish, by the Virtue of that Satyr by which he thought to suppress it.

I have therefore in this Piece endeavour'd to shew, that an *English* Comedy may answer the Strictness of Poetical Justice: But indeed the greatest Share of the *English* Audience, I mean that Part which is no farther read than in Plays of their own Language, have imbib'd other Principles, and stand up as vigorously for the old Poetick Licence, as they do for the Liberty of the Subject. They take all Innovations for Grievances; and let a Project be never so well laid for their Advantage, yet the Undertaker is very likely to suffer by't. A Play without a Beau, Cully, Cuckold, or Coquet, is as poor an Entertainment to some Palates, as their *Sunday's* Dinner wou'd be without Beef and Pudding. And this I take to be one Reason that the Galleries were so thin during the Run of this Play. I thought indeed to have sooth'd the splenetick Zeal of the City, by making a Gentleman a Knave, and punishing their great Grievance——A *Whoremaster*; but a certain Virtuoso of that Fraternity has told me since, that the Citizens were never more disappointed in any Entertainment; For (said he) however pious we may appear to be at home, yet we never go to that End of the Town but with an Intention to be lewd.

There was an *Odium* cast upon this Play, before it appear'd, by some Persons who thought it their Interest
to

The P R E F A C E.

to have it suppress'd. The Ladies were frighted from seeing it, by formidable Stories of a Midwife, and were told, no Doubt, that they must expect no less than a *Labour* upon the Stage; but I hope the examining into that Aspersions will be enough to wipe it off, since the Character of the Midwife is only so far touch'd as is necessary for carrying on the Plot, she being principally decipher'd in her procuring Capacity; and I dare not affront the Ladies so far, as to imagine they cou'd be offended at the exposing a Bawd.

Some Criticks complain, that the Design is defective for want of *Cælia's* Appearance in the Scene; but I had rather they should find this Fault, than I forfeit my Regard to the Fair, by shewing a Lady of Figure under a Misfortune; for which Reason I made her only Nominal, and chose to expose the Person that injur'd her; and if the Ladies don't agree that I have done her Justice in the End, I'm very sorry for't.

Some People are apt to say, That the Character of *Richmore* points at a particular Person; tho' I must confess, I see nothing but what is very general in his Character, except his marrying his own Mistress; which by the way he never did, for he was no sooner off the Stage, but he chang'd his Mind, and the poor Lady is still in *Statu Quo*: But upon the whole Matter, 'tis Application only makes the Ass; and Characters in Plays, are like *Long-lane* Clothes, not hung out for the Use of any particular People, but to be bought by only those they happen to fit.

The most material Objection against this Play is the Importance of the Subject, which necessarily leads into Sentiments too grave for Diversion, and supposes Vices too great for Comedy to punish. 'Tis said, I must own, that the Business of Comedy is chiefly to ridicule Folly, and that the Punishment of Vice falls rather into the Province of Tragedy; but if there be a middle Sort of Wickedness, too high for the *Sock*, and too low for the *Buskin*, is there any Reason that it shou'd go unpunished? What are more obnoxious to human Society, than the Villanies expos'd in this Play; the Frauds, Plots, and Contrivances upon the Fortunes of Men, and the Virtue of Women? but the Persons are too

The P R E F A C E.

mean for Heroick ; then what must we do with them ? Why, they must of necessity drop into Comedy ! For it is unreasonable to imagine that the Law-givers in Poetry wou'd tie themselves up from executing that Justice which is the Foundation of their Constitution ; or to say, that exposing Vice is the Business of the *Drama*, and yet make Rules to screen it from Persecution.

Some have ask'd the Question, Why the Elder *Wou'dbe*, in the Fourth Act, shou'd counterfeit Madness in his Confinement, don't mistake, there was no such Thing in his Head ; and the Judicious cou'd easily perceive, that it was only a start of Humour put on to divert his Melancholy ; and when Gaiety is strain'd to cover Misfortune, it may very naturally be overdone, and rise to a Semblance of Madness, sufficient to impose on the Constable, and perhaps on some of the Audience, who taking every Thing at Sight, impute that as a Fault, which I am bold to stand up for, as one of the most Masterly Strokes of the whole Piece.

This I think sufficient to obviate what Objections I have heard made ; but there was no great Occasion for making this Defence, having had the Opinion of some of the greatest Persons in *England*, both for Quality and Parts, that the Play has merit enough to hide more Faults than have been found ; and I think their Approbation sufficient to excuse some Pride that may be incident to the Author upon this Performance.

I must own myself oblig'd to Mr. *Longueville* for some Lines in the Part of *Teague*, and something of the Lawyer ; but above all for his Hint of the Twins, upon which I form'd my Plot : But having paid him all due Satisfaction and Acknowledgment, I must do myself the Justice to believe, that few of our modern Writers have been less beholden to foreign Assistance in their Plays, than I have been in the following Scenes.

PROLOGUE;

PROLOGUE; by Mr. Motteux.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

An ALARM sounded.

WITH Drums and Trumpets in this warring Age,
A Martial Prologue should alarm the Stage.
New Plays——e'er acted, a full Audience near,
Seem Towns invested, when a Siege they fear.
Prologues are like a Forelorn Hope sent out
Before the Play, to skirmish and to scout:
Our dreadful Foes, the Criticks, when they spy,
They cock, they charge, they fire,——then back they fly.
The Siege is laid——their gallant Chiefs abound,
Here——Foes intrench'd, there——glittering Troops around,
And the loud Batt'ries roar——from yonder rising Ground. }
In the First Act, brisk Sallies, (miss or hit) }
With Volleys of Small-Shot, or Snip-snap Wit, }
Attack, and gall the Trenches of the Pit. }
The next——the Fire continues, but at length
Grows less, and slackens like a Bridegroom's Strength.
The Third, Feints, Mines, and Countermines abound, }
Your Critick Engineers safe under-ground, }
Blow up our Works, and all our Art confound. }
The Fourth——brings on most Action; and 'tis sharp, }
Fresh Foes crowd on, at your Remissness carp, }
And desprate, tho' unskill'd, insult our Counterscarp. }
Then comes the last; the Gen'ral Storm is near,
The Post-Governor now quakes for Fear;
Runs wildly up and down forgets to buff,
And wou'd give all he's plunder'd——to get off:
So——Don and Monsieur——Bluff, before the Siege,
Were quickly tam'd——at Venlo, and at Liege
'Twas Viva Spagnia! Vive France! before;
Now, Quartier: Monsieur! Quarter! Ah! Senor!
But what your Resolution can withstand,
You master all, and awe the Sea and Land.
In War——your Valour makes the Strong submit;
Your Judgment bumbles all Attempts in Wit.
What Play, what Fort, what Beauty can endure
All fierce Assaults, and always be secure!
Then grant 'em generous Terms, who dare to write,
Since now——that seems as desprate as to fight:
If we must yield——yet e'er the Day be fixt,
Let us hold out the Third——and, if we may, the Sixth.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Elder Won'dbe,</i>	<i>Mr. Wilks.</i>
<i>Young Won'dbe,</i>	<i>Mr. Cibber.</i>
<i>Richmore,</i>	<i>Mr. Husband.</i>
<i>Trueman,</i>	<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Subtleman,</i>	<i>Mr. Pinkethman.</i>
<i>Balderdash and Alderman,</i> }	<i>Mr. Johnson.</i>
<i>Clear-Account, a Steward,</i>	<i>Mr. Fairbank.</i>
<i>Fair-bank, a Goldsmith,</i>	<i>Mr. Minns.</i>
<i>Teague,</i>	<i>Mr. Bowen.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Constance,</i>	<i>Mrs. Rogers.</i>
<i>Aurelia,</i>	<i>Mrs. Hook.</i>
<i>Mandrake,</i>	<i>Mrs. Bullock.</i>
<i>Steward's Wife,</i>	<i>Mrs. Moor.</i>

Constable; Watch, &c.

SCENE, L O N D O N.

T H E

THE
TWIN-RIVALS.

A C T I.

S C E N E, *Lodgings.*

The Curtain draws up, discovers Young Wou'dbe a dressing, and his Valet buckling his Shoes.

HERE is such a Plague every Morning, with buckling Shoes, gartering, combing, and powdering,——Pshaw! cease thy Impertinence, I'll drefs no more to Day.—Were I an honest Brute, that rises from his Litter, shakes himself, and so is drest, I cou'd bear it.

Enter Richmore.

Rich. No farther yet, *Wou'dbe*! 'Tis almost One.

Y. W. Then blame the Clock-makers, they made it so; the Sun has neither Fore nor Afternoon——Prithee, what have we to do with Time? Can't we let it alone as Nature made it? Can't a Man eat when he's hungry, go to Bed when he's sleepy, rise when he wakes, drefs when he pleases, without the Confinement of Hours to enslave him.

Rich. Pardon me, Sir, I understand your Stoicism—You have lost your Money last Night.

Y. W. No, no, Fortune took care of me there—I had none to lose.

Rich. 'Tis that gives you the Spleen.

Y. W. Yes, I have got the Spleen; and something else—Hark'e——

Rich. How!

(Whispers.)

Y. W. Positively. The Lady's kind Reception was the most severe Usage I ever met with—Shan't I break her Windows—*Richmore?*

Rich. A mighty Revenge truly: Let me tell you, Friend, That breaking the Windows of such Houses are no more than writing over a Vintner's Door, as they do in *Holland—Vin te koop*. 'Tis no more than a Bush to the Tavern, a Decoy to the Trade, and to draw in Customers; but upon the whole Matter, I think, a Gentleman shou'd put up an Affront got in such little Company; for the Pleasure, the Pain, and the Resentment, are all alike scandalous.

Y. W. Have you forgot, *Richmore*, how I found you one Morning with the *Flying Post* in your Hand, hunting for Physical Advertisements.

Rich. That was in the Days of *Dad*, my Friend, in the Days of dirty Linen, Pit-Masks, Hedge-Taverns, and Beef-Steaks: But now I fly at nobler Game, the Ring, the Court, *Pawlet's* and the *Park*. I despise all Women that I apprehend any Danger from, less than the having my Throat cut; and shou'd scruple to converse even with a Lady of Fortune, unless her Virtue were loud enough to give me Pride in exposing it—Here's a Letter I receiv'd this Morning; you may read it.

(Gives a Letter.)

Y. W. (Reads.)

I*F there be Solemnity in Protestation, Justice in Heaven, or Fidelity in Earth, I may still depend on the Faith of my Richmore—Tho' I may conceal my Love, i no longer can hide the Effects on't from the World—Be careful of my Honour, remember your Vows, and fly to the Relief of the Disconsolate*

Clelia.

The Fair, the Courted, Blooming *Clelia?*

Rich. The credulous, troublesome, foolish *Clelia*. Did you ever read such a fulsome Harangue—Lard, Sir, I am near my Time, and want your Assistance—Does the silly Creature imagine that any Man wou'd come near her in those Circumstances, unless it were Doctor *Chamberlain*—You may keep the Letter.

Y. W. But why wou'd you trust it with me? You know I can't keep a Secret that has any Scandal in't.

Rich.

Rich. For that Reason I communicate it: I know thou art a perfect *Gazette*, and I will spread the News all over the Town: For you must understand that I am now besieging another; and I would have the Fame of my Conquest upon the Wing, that the Town may surrender the sooner.

Y. W. But if the Report of your Cruelty goes along with that of your Valour, you'll find no Garrison of any Strength will open their Gates to you.

Rich. No, no, Women are Crowds, the Terror prevails upon them more than Clemency: My best pretence to my Success with the Fair, is my using 'em ill; 'Tis turning their own Guns upon 'em, and I have always found it the most successful Battery to assail one Reputation by sacrificing another.

Y. W. I cou'd love thee for thy Mischief, did I not envy thee for thy Success in't.

Rich. You never attempt a Woman of Figure.

Y. W. How can I? This confounded Hump of mine is such a Burthen at my Back, that it presses me down here in the Dirt and Diseases of *Covent-Garden*, the low Suburbs of Pleasure—Curst Fortune! I am a younger Brother, and yet cruelly depriv'd of my Birth-right of a handsome Person; seven thousand a Year in a direct Line, wou'd have straiten'd my Back to some Purpose——But I look, in my present Circumstances, like a Branch of another Kind, grafted only upon the Stock, which makes me grow so crooked.

Rich. Come, come, 'tis no Misfortune, your Father is so as well as you.

Y. W. Then why shou'd not I be a Lord as well as he? Had I the same Title to the Deformity I cou'd bear it.

Rich. But how does my Lord bear the Absence of your Twin-Brother?

Y. W. My Twin-Brother! Ay, 'twas his crouding me that spoil'd my Shape, and his coming Half an Hour before me that ruin'd my Fortune——My Father expell'd me his House some two Years ago, because I wou'd have perswaded him that my 'Twin-Brother was a Bastard——He gave me my Portion, which was about fifteen hundred Pound, and I have spent two thousand

thousand of it already. As for my Brother, he don't care a Farthing for me.

Rich. Why so, pray?

Y. W. A very odd Reason——Because I hate him.

Rich. How should he know that?

Y. W. Because he thinks it reasonable it shou'd be so.

Rich. But did your Actions ever express any Malice to him?

Y. W. Yes: I wou'd fain have kept him Company; but being aware of my Kindness, he went abroad: He has travell'd these five Years, and I'm told, is a grave, sober Fellow, and in Danger of living a great while; all my hope is, that when he gets into his Honour and Estate, the Nobility will soon kill him, by drinking him up to his Dignity.—But come, *Frank*, I have but two Eye-sores in the World, a Brother before me, and a Hump behind me, and thou art still laying 'em in my Way: Let us assume an Argument of less Severity——Can'st thou lend me a Brace of hundred Pounds?

Rich. What wou'd you do with 'um?

Y. W. Do with 'um!—There's a Question indeed;—Do you think I wou'd eat 'um?

Rich. Yes, o' my troth wou'd you, and drink 'um together.—Look'e, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, whilst you kept well with your Father, I cou'd have ventur'd to have lent you five Guineas.——But as the case stands, I can assure you, I have lately paid off my Sister's Fortunes, and——

Y. W. Sir, this Put-off looks like an Affront, when you know I don't use to give such Things.

Rich. Sir, your demand is rather an Affront, when you know I don't use to give such Things.

Y. W. Sir, I'll pawn my Honour.

Rich. That's mortgag'd already far more than it is worth; you had better pawn your Sword there, 'twill bring you forty Shillings.

Y. W. 'Sdeath, Sir——(*Takes his Sword off the Table.*)

Rich. Hold, Mr *Wou'dbe*,——suppose I put an End to your Misfortunes all at once.

Y. W. How, Sir?

Rich.

Rich. Why, go to a Magistrate, and swear you would have robb'd me of Two hundred Pounds.—
Look'e, Sir, you have been often told, that your Extravagance would some time or other be the Ruin of you; and it will go a great way in your Indictment, to have turn'd the Pad upon your Friend.

Y. W. This Usage is the Height of Ingratitude from you, in whose Company I have spent my Fortune.

Rich. I'm therefore a Witness, that it was very ill spent——Why would you keep Company, be at equal Expences with me that have fifty times your Estate? What was Gallantry in me, was Prodigality in you; mine was my Health, because I could pay for't; your's a Disease, because you cou'd not.

Y. W. And is this all I must expect from our Friendship?

Rich. Friendship! Sir, there can be no such Thing without an Equality.

Y. W. That is, there can be no such Thing when there is occasion for't.

Rich. Right, Sir,——our Friendship was over a Bottle only; and whilst you can pay your Club of Friendship, I am that way your humble Servant; but when once you come borrowing, I'm this way——
your humble Servant. (*Exit.*)

Y. W. Rich, big, proud, arrogant Villain! I have been twice his Second, thrice sick of the same Love, and thrice cur'd by the same Physick, and now he drops me for a Trifle.—That an honest Fellow in his Cups, shou'd be such a Rogue when he's sober!—The narrow-hearted Rascal has been drinking Coffee this Morning. Well, thou dear solitary Half-Crown! adieu!——Here, *Jack*, (*Enter Servant*) take this, pay for a Bottle of Wine, and bid *Balderdash* bring it himself, (*Exit Servant*,) How melancholy are my poor Breeches; not one Chink!——Thou art a villainous Hand, for thou hast pickt my Pocket.——This Vintner, now, has all the Marks of an honest Fellow, a broad Face, a copious Look, a strutting Belly, and a jolly Mein. I have brought him above three Pound a Night for these two Years successively. The Rogue has Money, I'm sure, if he will but lend it.

Enter

Enter Balderdash with a Bottle and Glass.

Oh, Mr. Balderdash, good Morrow.

Bald. Noble Mr. *Wou'dbe*, I'm your most humble Servant.—I have brought you a Whetting-Glass, the best *Old Hock* in *Europe*; I know 'tix your drink in a Morning.

Y. W. I'll pledge you, Mr. Balderdash.

Bald. Your Health, Sir.

(Drinks.)

Y. W. Pray, Mr. Balderdash, tell me one Thing, but first sit down: Now tell me plainly what you think of me?

Bald. Think of you, Sir! I think that you are the honestest, noblest Gentleman, that ever drank a Glass of Wine; and the best Customer that ever came into my House.

Y. W. And you really think as you speak.

Bald. May this Wine be my Poison, Sir, if I don't speak from the Bottom of my Heart.

Y. W. And how much Money do you think I have spent in your House?

Bald. Why truly, Sir, by a moderate Computation, I do believe, that I have handled of your Money the best Part of five hundred Pounds within these two Years.

Y. W. Very well! And do you think that you lie under any Obligation for the Trade I have promoted to your Advantage?

Bald. Yes, Sir; and if I can serve you in any respect, pray command me to the utmost of my Ability.

Y. W. Well! thanks to my Stars, there is still some Honesty in Wine. Mr. Balderdash, I embrace you and your Kindness: I am at present a little low in Cash, and must beg you to lend me an hundred Pieces.

Bald. Why, truly, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, I was afraid it would come to this; I have had it in my Head several Times to caution you upon your Expences: But you were so very genteel in my House, and your Liberality became you so very well, that I was unwilling to say any Thing that might check your Disposition; but truly, Sir, I can forbear no longer to tell you, that you have been a little too extravagant.

Y. W. But

Y. W. But since you reap'd the Benefit of my Extravagance, you will, I hope, consider my Necessity.

Bald. Consider your Necessity! I do with all my Heart, and must tell you, moreover, that I will be no longer accessary to it: I desire you, Sir, to frequent my House no more.

Y. W. How, Sir!

Bald. I say, Sir, that I have an Honour for my good Lord your Father, and will not suffer his Son to run into any Inconvenience: Sir, I shall order my Drawers not to serve you with a Drop of Wine.—Wou'd you have me connive at a Gentleman's Destruction?

Y. W. But methinks, Sir, that a Person of your nice Conscience shou'd have caution'd me before.

Bald. Alas! Sir, it was none of my Business: Wou'd you have me be sawcy to a Gentleman that was my best Customer? Lackaday, Sir, had you Money to hold it out still, I had been hang'd rather than be rude to you —But truly, Sir, when a Man is ruin'd, 'tis but the Duty of a Christian to tell him of it.

Y. W. Will you lend me the Money, Sir?

Bald. Will you pay me this Bill, Sir?

Y. W. Lend me the hundred Pound, and I'll pay the Bill.——

Bald. Pay me the Bill, and I will not lend the hundred Pound, Sir.——But pray consider with yourself, now, Sir; wou'd you not think me an arrant Coxcomb, to trust a Person with Money that has always been so extravagant under my Eye? whose Profuseness I have seen, I have felt, I have handled? Have not I known you, Sir, throw away ten Pound of a Night upon a Covey of Pit-Patridges, and a Setting-Dog? Sir, you have made my House an ill House: My very Chairs will bear you no longer.—In short, Sir, I desire you to frequent the *Crown* no more, Sir.

Y. W. Thou sophisticated Tun of Iniquity; have I fatned your Carcass, and swell'd your Bags with my vital Blood? Have I made you my Companion to be thus sawcy to me? But now I will keep you at your due Distance.

(Kicks him.)

Serv. Welcome, Sir!

Y. W. Well said, Jack.

(Kicks him again.)

Serv.

Serv. Very welcome, Sir! I hope we shall have your Company another Time. Welcome, Sir. (*He's kick'd off.*)

Y. W. Pray, wait on him down Stairs, and give him a Welcome at the Door too. (*Exit Servant.*)

This is the Punishment of Hell; the very Devil that tempted me to Sin, now upbraids me with the Crime. — I have villainously murder'd my Fortune, and now its Ghost, in the lank Shape of Poverty haunts me: Is there no Charm to conjure down the Fiend?

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Oh Sir, here's sad News.

Y. W. Then keep it to thyself, I have enough of that already.

Serv. Sir, you will hear it too soon.

Y. W. What! is *Broad* below?

Serv. No, no, Sir; better twenty such as he were hang'd. Sir, your Father's dead.

Y. W. My Father! — Good night, my Lord; has he left me any Thing?

Serv. I heard nothing of that, Sir.

Y. W. Then I believe you heard all there was of it; let me see, — My Father dead! and my elder Brother Abroad! — If Necessity be the Mother of Invention, she was never more pregnant than with me, (*Pauses.*) Here, Sirrah, run to Mrs. *Mandrake*, and bid her come hither presently. (*Exit Servant.*) That Woman was my Mother's Midwife when I was born, and has been my Bawd these ten Years. I have had her Endeavours to corrupt my Brother's Mistress, and now her Assistance will be necessary to cheat him of his Estate; for she's famous for understanding the right-side of a Woman, and the wrong-side of the Law. (*Exit.*)

SCENE *changes to Mandrake's House.*

Mandrake and Maid.

Man. Who is there?

Maid. Madam.

Man. Has any Message been left for me To-day?

Maid. Yes, Madam: Here has been one from my Lady *Stilborn*, that desir'd you not to be out of the Way, for she expected to cry out every Minute.

Man. How! every Minute! — Let me see — (*Takes out her Pocket book*) *Stilborn* — Ay — she reckons with her

her Husband from the first of *April*; and with Sir *James*, from the first of *March*.—Ay, she's always a Month before her Time. (*Knocking at the Door.*) Go see who's at the Door.—

Maid. Yes, Madam: (*Exit Maid.*)

Man. Well! certainly there is not a Woman in the World so willing to oblige Mankind as myself; and really I have been so ever since the Age of Twelve, as I can remember.——I have deliver'd as many Women of great Bellies, and helped as many to 'um as any Person in *England*; but my Watching and Cares have broken me quite. I am not the same Woman I was forty Years ago.

Enter Richmore.

Oh, Mr. *Richmore*! you're a sad Man, a barbarous Man, so you are—What will become of poor *Clelia*, Mr. *Richmore*? The poor Creature is so big with her Misfortunes, that they are not to be born (*Weeps.*)

Rich. You, Mrs. *Mandrake*, are the fittest Person in the World to ease her of 'um.

Man. And won't you marry her, Mr. *Richmore*?

Rich. My Conscience won't allow it; for I have sworn since to marry another.

Man. And will you break your Vows to *Clelia*?

Rich. Why not, when she has broke her's to me?

Man. How's that, Sir?

Rich. Why, she swore a hundred Times never to grant me the Favour, and yet, you know, she broke her Word.

Man. But she lov'd Mr. *Richmore*, and that was the Reason she forgot her Oath.

Rich. And I love Mr. *Richmore*, and that is the Reason I forgot mine—Why should she be angry that I follow her own Example, by doing the very same Thing from the very same Motive?

Man. Well, well! take my Word, you'll never thrive—I wonder how you can have the Face to come near me, that am the Witness of your horrid Oaths and Imprecations! are not you afraid that the guilty Chamber above Stairs shou'd fall down upon your Head?—Yes, yes, I was accessary, I was so; but if ever you involve my Honour in such a Villainy the second Time.

18 The TWIN-RIVALS.

Time.—Ah poor *Clelia*! I lov'd her as I did my own Daughter—you sedueing Man—— (Weeps.

Rich. Hey, ho, my *Aurelia*.

Man. Hey, ho, she's very pretty.

Rich. Dost thou know her, my dear *Mandrake*?

Man. Hey, ho, she's very pretty.—Ah, you're a sad

Man.—Poor *Clelia* was handsome, but indeed, Breeding, Pukeing, and Longing, has broken her much.—'Tis a hard case, Mr. *Richmore*, for a young Lady to see a thousand Things, and long for a thousand Things, and yet not dare to own that she longs for one.—She had like to have miscarried t'other Day for the Pith of a Loin of Veal.—Ah, you barbarous Man!

Rich. But, my *Aurelia*! confirm me that you know her, and I'll adore thee.

Man. You would sling five hundred Guineas at my Head, that you knew as much of her as I do: Why, Sir, I brought her into the World; I have had her sprawling in my Lap. Ah! she was plump as a Puffin, Sir.

Rich. I think she has no great Portion to value herself upon; her Reputation only will keep up the Market: We must first make that cheap, by crying it down, and then she'll part with it at an easy Rate.

Man. But won't you provide for poor *Clelia*?

Rich. Provide! Why ha'n't I taught her a Trade? Let her set up when she will, I'll engage her Customers enough, because I can answer for the Goodness of the Ware.

Man. Nay, but you ought to set her up with Credit, take a Shop; that is, get her a Husband.—Have you no pretty Gentleman, your Relation now, that wants a young virtuous Lady with a handsome Fortune? No young *Templer* that has spent his Estate in the Study of the Law, and starves by the Practice? No spruce Officer that wants a handsome Wife to make Court for him among the Major-Generals? Have you none of these, Sir?

Rich. Pho, pho, Madam—you have tir'd me upon that Subject. Do you think a Lady that gave me so much Trouble before Possession shall ever give me any after it.—No, no, had she been more obliging to me when I was in her Power, I shou'd be more civil to her
now

now she's in mine: My Assiduity before-hand was an Over-price; had she made a Merit of the Matter, she shou'd have yielded sooner.

Man. Nay, nay, Sir; tho' you have no regard to her Honour, yet you shall protect mine: How d'ye think I have secur'd my Reputation so long among the People of best Figure, but by keeping all Mouths stopt? Sir, I'll have no Clamours at me.—Heavens help me, I have Clamours enough at my Door early and late in my t'other Capacity: In short, Sir, a Husband for *Clelia*, or I banish you my Presence for ever.

Rich. Thou art a necessary Devil, and I can't want thee. (*Afide.*)

Man. Look'e, Sir, 'tis your own Advantage; 'tis only making over your Estate into the Hands of a Trustee; and tho' you don't absolutely command the Premises, yet you may exact enough out of 'em for Necessaries, when you will.

Rich. Patience a little Madam!—I have a young Nephew that is a Captain of Horse: He mortgag'd the last Morfel of his Estate to me, to make up his Equipage for the last Campaign. Perhaps you know him; he's a brisk Fellow, much about Court. Captain *Trueman*.

Man. *Trueman*! Ads my life, he's one of my Babies: I can tell you the very Minute he was born—precisely at three o'Clock next St. George's Day, *Trueman* will be Two and Twenty; a Stripling, the prettiest good natur'd Child, and your Nephew! He must be the Man; and shall be the Man; I have a Kindness for him.

Rich. But we must have a Care; the Fellow wants neither Sense nor Courage.

Man. Phu, Phu, never fear her Part, she sha'n't want Instructions; and then for her Lying-in a little abruptly, 'tis my Business to reconcile Matters there, a Fright or a Fall excuses that: Lard, Sir, I do these Things every Day.

Rich. 'Tis pity then to put you out of your Road; and *Clelia* shall have a Husband.

Man. Spoke like a Man of Honour.—And now I'll serve you again. This *Aurelia* you say—

Rich.

Rich. O she distracts me ; Her Beauty, Family, and Virtue makes her a noble Pleasure.

Man. And you have a mind, for that reason, to get her a Husband.

Rich. Yes, faith : I have another young Relation at Cambridge, he's just going into Orders ; and I think such a fine Woman, with fifteen hundred Pounds, is a better Presentation than any Living in my Gift ; and why shou'd he like the Cure the worse, that an Incumbent was there before ?

Man. Thou art a pretty Fellow——At the same Moment you wou'd persuade me that you love a Woman to Madness, are you contriving how to part with her ?

Rich. If I lov'd her not to Madness, I shou'd not run into these Contradictions.—Here, my dear Mother, *Aurelia's* the Word——

(Offering her Money.

Man. Pardon me, Sir ; (*Refusing the Money,*) Did you ever know me mercenary ?——No, no, Sir, Virtue is its own Reward.

Rich. Nay, but Madam, I owe you for the Teeth Powder you sent me.

Man. O, that's another Matter, Sir ; (*Takes the Money.*) I hope you like it Sir ?

Rich. Extremely, Madam ; but it was somewhat dear of twenty Guineas.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here is Mr. *Wou'dbe's* Footman below with a Message from his Master.

Man. I come to him presently ; do you know that *Wou'dbe* loves *Aurelia's* Cousin and Companion, Mrs. *Constance* with the great Fortune, and that I solicit for him ?

Rich. Why, she's engag'd to his Elder Brother : Besides, Young *Wou'dbe* has no Money to prosecute an Affair of such Consequence——You can have no Hopes of Success there, I'm sure.

Man. Truly, I have no great Hope ; but an industrious Body you know, wou'd do any Thing rather than be idle : The Aunt is very near her Time, and I have Access to the Family when I please.

Rich. Now I think on't ; Prithee, get the Letter from *Wou'dbe*, that I gave him just now ; it wou'd be proper to our Designs upon *Trueman*, that it shou'd not be expos'd.

Man.

Man. And you shew'd *Clelia's* Letter to *Wou'dbe*?

Rich. Yes.

Man. Eh, you barbarous Man.—Who the Devil wou'd oblige you—What Pleasure can you take in exposing the poor Creature? Dear little Child, 'tis Pity, indeed it is.

Rich. Madam, the Messenger waits below; so I'll take my Leave. *(Exit.)*

Man. Ah, you're a sad Man. *(Exit.)*

A C T II.

S C E N E *the Park.*

Constance and Aurelia.

Aur. **P**Rithee, Cousin *Constance*, be chearful; let the dead Lord sleep in Peace, and look up to the living; take Pen, Ink and Paper, and write immediately to your Lover, that he is now a Baron of *England*, and you long to be a Baronefs.

Con. Nay, *Aurelia*, there is some Regard due to the Memory of the Father, for the Respect I bear the Son; besides, I don't know how, I cou'd wish my young Lord were at home in this Juncture: This Brother of his—Some Mischief will happen—I had a very ugly Dream last Night—In short, I am eaten up with the Spleen, my Dear.

Aur. Come, come, walk about and divert it; the Air will do you good; think of other People's Affairs a little—When did you see *Clelia*?

Con. I'm glad you mention'd her; don't you observe her Gaiety to be much more forc'd than formerly, her Humour don't sit so easy upon her.

Aur. No, nor her Stays neither, I can assure you.

Con. Did you observe how she devour'd the Pomegranates Yesterday.

Aur. She talks of visiting a Relation in *Leicesfershire*.

Con. She fainted away in the Country-Dance t'other Night.

Aur.

Aur. Richmore, shunn'd her in the Walk last Week.

Con. And his Footman laugh'd.

Aur. She takes *Laudanum* to make her sleep at Nights.

Con. Ah, poor *Clelia*! What shall we do, Cousin?

Aur. Do! Why nothing till the nine Months be up.

Con. That's cruel, *Aurelia*, how can you make merry with her Misfortunes? I am positive she was no easy Conquest; some singular Villainy has been practis'd upon her.

Aur. Yes, yes, the Fellow wou'd be practising upon me too, I thank him.

Con. Have a care, Cousin, he has a promising Person.

Aur. Nay, for that Matter, his promising Person may as soon be broke as his promising Vows: Nature indeed has made him a Giant, and he wars with Heaven as the Giants of old—

Con. Then why will you admit his Visits?

Aur. I never did—but all the Servants are more his than our own: He has a Golden Key to every Door in the House: besides, he makes my Uncle believe that his Intentions are honourable; and indeed he has said nothing yet to disprove it.—But, Cousin, do you see who comes yonder, sliding along the Mall?

Con. Captain *Trueman*, I protest; the Campaign has improv'd him, he makes a very clean well furnish'd Figure.

Aur. Youthful, easy, and good-natur'd, and I could wish he would know us.

Con. Are you sure he's well bred?

Aur. I tell you he's good-natur'd, and I take good Manners to be nothing but a natural Desire to be easy and agreeable to whatever Conversation we fall into; and a Porter with this is mannerly in his way: and a Duke without it, has but the Breeding of a Dancing-Master.

Con. I like him for his Affection to my young Lord.

Aur. And I like him for his Affection to my young Person.

Con. How, how, Cousin? You never told me that.

Aur. How shou'd I? He never told it me, but I have discover'd it by a great many Signs and Tokens, that
are

are better Security for his Heart than ten thousand Vows and Promises.

Con. He's *Richmore's* Nephew.

Aur. Ah! wou'd he were his Heir too—He's a pretty Fellow——But then he's a Soldier, and must share his Mistress, Honour, in *Flanders*——No, no, I'm resolv'd against a Man that disappears all the Summer like a Woodcock.

(As these Words are spoken, Trueman enters behind them, as passing over the Stage.)

True. That's for me, whoever spoke it.

(The Ladies turn about; Aurelia surprised.)

Con. What, Captain, you're afraid of every thing but the Enemy.

True. I have reason, Ladies, to be most apprehensive where there is most Danger: The Enemy is satisfied with a Leg or an Arm, but here I'm in hazard of losing my Heart.

Aur. None in the World, Sir, no body here designs to attack it.

True. But suppose it be assaulted, and taken already, Madam.

Aur. Then we'll return it without Ransom.

True. But suppose, Madam, the Prisoner, chuse to stay where it is.

Aur. That were to turn Deserter, and you know, Captain, what such deserve.

True. The Punishment it undergoes this Moment—Shot to Death—

Con. Nay, then, 'tis time for me to put in—Pray, Sir, have you heard the News of my Lord *Wou'dbe's* Death?

True. People mind not the Death of others, Madam, that are expiring themselves. *(To Constance,)* Do you consider, Madam, the Penalty of wounding a Man in the Park?

(To Aurelia.)

Aur. Hey day! Why, Captain, d'ye intend to make a *Vigo* Business of it, and break the Boom at once? Sir, if you only rally, pray let my Cousin have her Share; or if you wou'd be particular, pray be more respectful not so much upon the Declaration, I beseech you, Sir.

True. I have been, fair Creature, a perfect Coward in my Passion; I have had hard Strugglings with my Fear,

Fear, before I durst engage, and now perhaps behave but too desperately.

Aur. Sir, I am very sorry you have said so much; for I must punish you for't, tho' it be contrary to my Inclination—Come, Cousin, will you walk?

Con. Servant, Sir.

(*Exeunt Ladies.*)

True. Charming Creature!—*I must punish you for't tho' it be contrary to my Inclination—*Hope and Despair in a Breath. But I'll think the best. (*Exit.*)

SCENE changes to young Wou'dbe's Lodgings.

Young Wou'dbe and Mandrake meeting.

Y. W. Thou Life and Soul of secret Dealings, welcome.

Man. My dear Child, blest thee—Who wou'd have imagin'd that I brought this great Rogue into the World? He makes me an old Woman, I protest—But adso, my Child, I forgot; I'm sorry for the Loss of your Father, sorry at my Heart, poor Man (*Weeps.*) Mr. Wou'dbe, have you got a Drop of Brandy in your Closet? I a'n't very well To day.

Y. W. That you sha'n't want; but be pleas'd to sit, my dear Mother—Here, Jack, the Brandy-Bottle—Now, Madam,—I have occasion to use you in dressing up a handsome Cheat for me.

Man. I defy any Chambermaid in England to do it better—I have dress'd up a hundred and fifty Cheats in my Time. (*Enter Jack with the Brandy-Bottle.*) Here, Boy, this Glass is too big, carry it away, I'll take a Sup out of the Bottle.

Y. W. Right, Madam—And my Business being very urgent—In three Words, 'tis this.—

Man. Hold, Sir, till I take Advice of my Council. (*Drinks.*) There is nothing more comfortable to a poor Creature, and fitter to revive wasting Spirits, than a little plain Brandy; I a'n't for your hot Spirits, your *Rosa Solis*, your *Ratifa's*, your Orange Waters, and the like—A moderate Glass of cool Nants is the best Thing—

Y. W. But to our Business, Madam—My Father is dead, and I have a mind to inherit his Estate.

Man. You put the Case very well.

Y. W. One.

Y. W. One of two Things, I must chuse—Either to be a Lord or a Beggar.

Man. Be a Lord to chuse—Tho' I have known some that have chosen both.

Y. W. I have a Brother that I love very well; but since one of us must want, I had rather he shou'd starve than I.

Man. Upon my Conscience, dear Heart, you're in the right on't.

Y. W. Now your Advice upon these Heads.

Man. They be Matters of Weight; and I must consider, (*Drinks.*) Is there a Will in the Case?

Y. W. There is; which excludes me from every Foot of the Estate.

Man. That's bad—Where's your Brother?

Y. W. He's now in *Germany*, in his Way to *England*, and is expected very soon.

Man. How soon?

Y. W. In a Month, or less.

Man. O ho! A Month is a great while! our Business must be done in an Hour or two—We must suppose your Brother to be dead; nay, he shall be actually dead—and my Lord, my humble Service t'ye—(*Drinks.*)

Y. W. O Madam, I'm your Ladyship's most devoted—Make your Words good, and I'll——

Man. Say no more, Sir; you shall have it, you shall have it.

Y. W. Ay, but how, dear Mrs. *Mandrake*?

Man. Mrs. *Mandrake*! Is that all?——Why not, Mother, Aunt, Grandmother? Sir, I have done more for you this Moment, than all the Relations you have in the World.

Y. W. Let me hear it.

Man. By the Strength of this potent Inspiration, I have made you a Peer of *England*, with seven thousand Pounds a Year—My Lord, I wish you Joy. (*Drinks.*)

Y. W. The Woman's mad, I believe.

Man. Quick, quick, my Lord! counterfeit a Letter presently from *Germany*, that your Brother is kill'd in a Duel: Let it be directed to your Father, and fall into the Hands of the Steward when you are by: What sort of Fellow is the Steward?

Y. W. Why, a timorous half-honest Man, that a litt'e Persuasions will make a whole Knave—he wants Courage to be thoroughly Just, or entirely a Villain—but good backing will make him either.

Man. And he sha'n't want that : I tell you the Letter must come into his Hands when you are by ; upon this you must take immediate Possession, and so you have the best Part of the Law of your Side.

Y. W. But suppose my Brother comes in the mean Time ?

Man. This must be done this very Moment : Let him come when you are in Possession, I'll warrant we'll find away to keep him out——

Y. W. But how, my dear Contriver ?

Man. By your Father's Will, Man, your Father's Will—That is, one that your Father might have made, and which we will make for him—I'll send you a Nephew of my own, a Lawyer, that shall do the Business ; go, get into Possession, Possession, I say ; let us have but the Estate to back the Suit, and you'll find the Law too strong for Justice, I warrant you.

Y. W. My Oracle ! How shall we revel in Delight when this great Prediction is accomplish'd—But one thing yet remains, my Brother's Mistress, the charming *Constance*—Let her be mine.——

Man. Pho, pho, she's your's o' Course ; she's contracted to you ; for she's engag'd to marry no Man but my Lord *Wou'dbe's* Son and Heir ; now you being the Person, she's recoverable by Law.

Y. W. Marry her ! No, no, she's contracted to him, 'twere Injustice to rob a Brother of his Wife, an easier Favour will satisfy me.

Man. Why, truly, as you say, that Favour is so easy, that I wonder they make such a Bustle about it—But get you gone and mind your Affairs, I must about mine—Oh—I had forgot—Where's that foolish Letter you had this Morning from *Richmore* ?

Y. W. I have posted it up in the *Chocolate-House*.

Man. Yaw, (*Sbricks.*) I shall fall into Fits ; hold me——

Y. W. No, no, I did but Jest ; here it is—But be assur'd, Madam, I wanted only Time to have expos'd it.

Man.

Man. Ah! you barbarous Man, why so?

Y. W. Because when Knaves of our Sex, and Fools of your's meet, they make the best Jest in the World.

Man. Sir, the World has better Share in the Jest, when we are the Knaves and you the Fools—But look'e, Sir, if ever you open your Mouth about this Trick—I'll discover all your Tricks! therefore Silence and Safety on both Sides.

Y. W. Madam, you need not doubt my Silence at present; because my own Affairs will employ me sufficiently; so there's your Letter. (*Gives the Letter.* And now to write my own. (*Exit.*

Man. Adieu, my Lord—Let me see: (*Opens the Letter and reads*) *If there be a Solemnity in Protestations—That's foolish, very foolish—Why shou'd she expect Solemnity in Protestations? Um, um, um, I may still depend on the Faith of my Richmore—Ah, poor Clelia!—Um, um, um, I can no longer bide the Effects on't from the World.—The Effects on't! How modestly is that express'd? Well, 'tis a pretty Letter, and I'll keep it.—*

(*Puts the Letter in her Pocket, and Exit.*

S C E N E, Lord Wou'dbe's House.

Enter Steward and his Wife.

Wife. You are to blame, Husband, you are much to blame, in being so scrupulous.

Stew. 'Tis true: This foolish Conscience of mine has been the greatest Bar to my Fortune.

Wife. And will ever be so. Tell me but one that thrives, and I'll shew you a Hundred that Starve by it——Do you think 'tis fourscore Pound a Year makes my Lord Gouty's Steward's Wife live at the Rate of four hundred? Upon my Word, my Dear, I'm as good a Gentlewoman as she, and I expect to be maintain'd accordingly. 'Tis Conscience I warrant, that buys her the Point-Heads, and Diamond Neck-lace?—Was it Conscience that bought her the fine House in *Fermain-street*? Is it Conscience that enables the Steward to buy when the Lord is forced to sell?

Stew. But what would you have me do?

Wife. Do! Now's your Time; that small Morfel of an Estate your Lord bought lately, a Thing not worth

mentioning; take it towards your Daughter *Molly's* Portion——What's Two Hundred a Year? 'twill never be miss'd.

Stew. 'Tis but a small Matter, I must confess; and as a Reward for my past faithful Service, I think it but reasonable I should cheat a little now.

Wife. Reasonable! All the Reason that can be; if the ungrateful World won't reward an honest Man, why let an honest Man reward himself——There's five hundred Pounds you receiv'd but two Days ago, lay them aside—you may easily sink it in the Charge of the Funeral——

Do my Dear now, kiss me, and do it.

Stew. Well, you have such a winning Way with you! But, my Dear, I'm so much afraid of my young Lord's coming Home; he's a cunning close Man, they say, and will examine my Accounts very narrowly.

Wife. Ay, my Dear, wou'd you had the younger Brother to deal with; you might manage him as you pleas'd—I see him coming. Let us weep, let us weep.

(They pull out their Handkerchiefs, and seem to mourn.)

Enter young Wou'dbe.

Stew. Ah, Sir, we have all lost a Father, a Friend, and a Supporter.

Y. W. Ay, Mr. Steward, we must submit to Fate, as he has done. And it is no small Addition to my Grief, honest Mr. *Clearaccount*, that it is not in my Power to supply my Father's Place to you and your's——Your Sincerity and Justice to the Dead, merits the greatest Regard from those that survive him——Had I but my Brother's Ability, or he my Inclinations——I'll assure you, Mrs. *Clearaccount*, you should not have such Cause to mourn.

Wife. Ah, good noble Sir!

Stew. Your Brother, Sir, I hear, is a very severe Man.

Y. W. He is what the World calls a prudent Man, Mr. Steward: I have often heard him very severe upon Men of your Business; and has declar'd, that for Form's sake indeed he would keep a Steward, but that he would inspect into all his Accounts himself.

Wife. Aye,

Wife. Aye, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, you have more Sense than to do these Things; you have more Honour than to trouble your Head with your own Affairs—Wou'd to Heav'ns we were to serve you.

Y. W. Wou'd I cou'd serve you, Madam,—without Injustice to my Brother.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A Letter for my Lord *Wou'dbe*.

Stew. It comes too late, alas! for his Perusal; let me see it.

(Opens, and reads.

Frankfort, Octob. 10. New Style.

Frankfort! Where's *Frankfort*, Sir?

Y. W. In *Germany*! This Letter must be from my Brother; I suppose he's coming Home.

Stew. 'Tis none of his Hand. Let me see.

(Reads.

My Lord,

I Am troubled at this unhappy Occasion of sending to your Lordship; your brave Son, and my dear Friend, was Yesterday unfortunately kill'd in a Duel by a German Count——

I shall love a German Count as long as I live.—My Lord, my Lord, now I may call you so, since your elder Brother's—dead.

Y. W. And *Wife*. How!

Stew. Read there.

(Gives the Letter, Wou'dbe peruses it.

Y. W. Oh, my Fate! a Father and a Brother in one Day! Heavens! 'Tis too much—Where is the fatal Messenger?

Serv. A Gentleman, Sir, who said he came Post on purpose. He was afraid the Contents of the Letter wou'd unqualify my Lord for Company; so he would take another time to wait on him.

Y. W. Nay, then 'tis true; and there is Truth in Dreams. Last Night I dreamt——

Wife. Nay, my Lord, I dreamt too; I dreamt I saw your Brother dress'd in a long Minister's Gown, (Lord bless us!) with a Book in his Hand, walking before a dead Body to the Grave.

Y. W. Well, Mr. *Clearaccount*, get Mourning ready.

Stew. Will your Lordship have the old Coach cover'd ; or a new one made.

Y. W. A new one—The old Coach, with the grey Horses, I give to Mrs. *Clearaccount* here ; 'tis not fit she should walk the Streets.

Wife. Heav'ns bless the *German Count*, I say—But, my Lord—

Y. W. No Reply, Madam, you shall have it—And receive it but as the Earnest of my Favours—Mr. *Clearaccount*, I double your Salary, and all the Servants Wages, to moderate their Grief for our great Losses.—Pray, Sir, take Order about these Affairs.

Stew. I shall, my Lord. (*Exeunt Stew. and Wife.*)

Y. W. So ? I have got Possession of the Castle, and if I had but a little Law to fortify me now, I believe we might hold it out a great while. Oh ! here comes my Attorney.—Mr. *Subtleman*, your Servant.—

Enter Subtleman.

Subt. My Lord, I wish you Joy ; my Aunt *Mandrake* has sent me to receive your Commands.

Y. W. Has she told you any thing of the Affair ?

Subt. Not a Word, my Lord.

Y. W. Why then—come nearer.—Can you make a Man right Heir to an Estate during the Life of an Elder Brother.

Subt. I thought you had been the Eldest.

Y. W. That we are not yet agreed upon ; for you must know, there is an impertinent Fellow that takes a Fancy to dispute the Seniority with me—For look'e, Sir, my Mother has unluckily sow'd Discord in the Family, by bringing forth Twins : My Brother, 'tis true, was First-born ; but, I believe from the Bottom of my Heart, I was the first begotten.

Subt. I understand—you are come to an Estate and Dignity, that by Justice indeed is your own, but by Law it falls to your Brother.

Y. W. I had rather, Mr. *Subtleman*, it were his by Justice, and mine by Law ; for I wou'd have the strongest Title, if possible.

Subt. I am very sorry there shou'd happen any Breach between Brethren :—So I think it wou'd be but a Christian and Charitable Act to take away all farther Disputes,

putes, by making you true Heir to the Estate by the last Will of your Father—Look'e, I'll divide Stakes;—you shall yield the Eldership and Honour to him, and he shall quit his Estate to you.

Y. W. Why, as you say, I don't much care if I do grant him the Eldest, half an Hour is but a Trifle: But how shall we do about his Will? Who shall we get to prove it?

Subt. Never trouble yourself for that, I expect a Cargoe of Witnesses and Usquebagh by the first fair Wind.

Y. W. But we can't stay for them; it must be done immediately.

Subt. Well, well; we'll find some Body, I warrant you, to make Oath of his last Words.

Y. W. That's impossible; for my Father died of an Apoplexy, and did not speak at all.

Subt. That's nothing, Sir: He's not the first dead Man that I have made to speak.

Y. W. You're a great Master of Speech, I don't question, Sir; and I can assure there will be ten Guineas for every Word you extort from him in my Favour.

Subt. O Sir, that's enough to make your Great Grandfather speak.

Y. W. Come then, I'll carry you to my Steward; he shall give you the Names of the Manors, and the true Titles and Denominations of the Estate, and then you shall go to Work. *(Exeunt.)*

S C E N E *changes to the Park.*

Richmore and Trueman meeting.

Rich. O brave Cuz! you're very happy with the Fair, I find. Pray, which of these two Ladies you encounter'd just now has your Adoration.

True. She that commands by forbidding it: And since I had Courage to declare to herself, I dare now own it to the World: *Aurelia*, Sir, is my Angel.

Rich. Ha! *(A long Pause.)* Sir, I find you're of every Body's Religion; but methinks you make a bold Flight at first: Do you think your Captain's Pay will stake against so high a Gamester?

True. What do you mean?

Rich. Mean! Bless me, Sir, mean!—You're a Man of mighty Honour, we all know.—But I'll tell you a Secret—The Thing is publick already.

True. I shou'd be proud that all Mankind were acquainted with it; I shou'd despise the Passion that cou'd make me either asham'd or afraid to own it.

Rich. Ha, ha, ha: Prithee, dear Captain, no more of these Rhodomontado's; you may as soon put a Standing-Army upon us.—I'll tell you another Secret, —Five hundred Pound is the least Penny.

True. Nay to my Knowledge, she has Fifteen Hundred.

Rich. Nay to my Knowledge, she took Five.

True. Took Five! How! Where?

Rich. In her Lap, in her Lap, Captain; where shou'd it be?

True. I'm amaz'd!

Rich. So am I; that she could be so unreasonable—Fifteen Hundred Pound! 'Sdeath! had she that Price from you?

True. 'Sdeath, I meant her Portion.

Rich. Why, what have you to do with her Portion?

True. I lov'd her up to Marriage, by this Light.

Rich. Marriage! Ha, ha, ha; I love the Gipsie for her Cunning—A young, easy, amorous, credulous Fellow of Two and 'Twenty, was just the Game she wanted; I find she presently singled you out from the Herd.

True. You distract me!

Rich. A Soldier too, that must follow the Wars abroad, and leave her to Engagements at home.

True. Death and Furies; I'll be reveng'd.

Rich. Why? what can you do? You'll challenge her, will you?

True. Her Reputation was spotless when I went over.

Rich. So was the Reputation of Marechal Boufflers; but d'ye think, that while you were beating the French Abroad, that we were idle at Home?—No, no, we have had our Sieges, our Capitulations, and Surrendries, and all that.—We have cut ourselves out good Winter Quarters as well as you.

True.

True. And are you billeted there?

Rich. Look'e, *Trueman*, you ought to be very trusty to a Secret, that has sav'd you from Destruction.—In plain Terms, I have buried five hundred Pounds in that little Spot, and I shou'd think it very hard, if you took it over my Head.

True. Not by a Lease for Life, I can assure you : But I shall——

Rich. What! you han't five hundred Pounds to give. Look'e, since you make no Sport, spoil none. In a Year or two she dwindles to a perfect Basset-Bank ; every body may play at it that pleases, and then you may put in for a Piece or two.

True. Dear Sir, I cou'd worship you for this.

Rich. Not for this, Nephew ; for I did not intend it, but I came to seek you upon another Affair——Were not you in the Presence last Night?

True. I was.

Rich. Did you not talk to *Clelia* my Lady *Taper's* Niece?

True. A fine Woman.

Rich. Well! I met her upon the Stairs ; and handing her to her Coach, she asked me, if you were not my Nephew? And said two or three warm Things, that persuade me she likes you : Her Relations have Interest at Court, and she has Money in her Pocket.

True. But——this Devil *Aurelia* still sticks with me.

Rich. What then! The Way to love in one Place with Success, is to marry in another with Convenience. *Clelia* has four thousand Pounds ; this applied to your reigning Ambition, whether Love or Advancement, will go a great Way : And for her Virtue and Conduct, be assur'd that no body can give a better Account of it than myself.

True. I am willing to believe from this late Accident, that you consult my Honour and Interest in what you propose, and therefore I am satisfied to be governed.

Rich. I see the very Lady in the Walk——We'll about it.

True. I wait on you.

(*Exeunt*.)

SCENE *changes to Lord Wou'dbe's House.*

Y. Wou'dbe, Subtleman and Steward.

Y. W. Well, Mr. *Subtleman*, you are sure the Will is firm and good in Law.

Subt. I warrant you, my Lord: And for the last Words to prove it, here they are.—Look'e Mr. *Clearaccount*—Yes—that is an Answer to the Question that was put to him, (you know) by those about him when he was a dying—Yes, or No, he must have said; so we have chosen Yes—*Yes, I have made my Will, as it may be found in the Custody of Mr. Clearaccount my Steward; and I desire it may stand as my last Will and Testament.*—Did you ever hear a dying Man's Words more to the Purpose? An Apoplexy! I tell you, my Lord had Intervals to the last.

Stew. Ay, but how shall these Words be prov'd?

Subt. My Lord shall speak 'em now.

Y. W. Shall he faith?

Subt. Ay, now—if the Corps ben't bury'd—Look'e, Sir, these Words must be put into his Mouth, and drawn out again before us all! and if they won't be his last Words then—I'll be perjur'd.

Y. W. What! violate the Dead! it must not be, Mr. *Subtleman*.

Subt. With all my Heart, Sir! But I think you had better violate the Dead of a Tooth or so, than violate the living of seven thousand Pounds a Year.

Y. W. But is there no other Way?

Subt. No, Sir: Why d'ye think Mr. *Clearaccount* here will hazard Soul and Body to swear they are his last Words, unless they be made his last Words; for my Part, Sir, I'll swear to no nothing but what I see with my Eyes come out of a Man's Mouth.

Y. W. But it looks so unnatural.

Subt. What! to open a Man's Mouth, and put in a Bit of Paper!—this is all.

Y. W. But the Body is cold, and his Teeth can't be got asunder.

Subt. But what Occasion has your Father for Teeth now? I tell you what,—I knew a Gentleman, three Days buried, taken out of his Grave, and his dead Hand set to his last Will, (unless some body made him sign another

another afterwards) and I know the Estate to be held by that Tenure to this Day; and a firm Tenure it is; for a dead Hand holds fastest; and let me tell you, dead Teeth will fasten as hard.

Y. W. Well, well, use your Pleasure, you understand the Law best—(*Exit. Subtleman and Steward.*) What a mighty Confusion is brought in Families by sudden Death? Men should do well to settle their Affairs in Time—Had my Father done this before he was taken ill, what a Trouble had he sav'd us? But he was taken suddenly, poor Man!

Re-enter Subtleman.

Subt. Your Father still bears you the old Grudge, I find! it was with much struggling he consented; I never knew a Man so loth to speak in my Life.

Y. W. He was always a Man of few Words.

Subt. Now I may as safely bear Witness myself, as the Scrivener there present:—I love to do Things with a clear Conscience. (*Subscribes.*)

Y. W. But the Law requires three Witnesses.

Subt. O! I shall pick a Couple more, that perhaps may take my Word for't:—But is not Mr. Clearaccount in your Interest?

Y. W. I hope so.

Subt. Then he shall be one: a Witness in the Family goes a great Way! besides, these foreign Evidences are risen confoundedly since the Wars. I hope, if mine escape the Privateers, to make an hundred Pound an Ear of every Head of them. But the Steward is an honest Man, and shall save you the Charges.

(*Exit.*)

Y. W. (*Solus.*) The Pride of Birth, the Heats of Appetite, and Fear of Want, are strong Temptations to Injustice.—But why Injustice—The World hath broke all Civilities with me, and left me in the eldest State of Nature, Wild, where Force, or Cunning first created Right. I cannot say I ever knew a Father:—'Tis true, I was begotten in his Life-time, but I was posthumous born, and liv'd not till he died—My Hours indeed I numbred, but ne'er enjoy'd 'em, 'till this Moment—My Brother! What is Brother? We are all so; and the first two were Enemies.—

He

He stands before me in the Road of Life to rob me of my Pleasures.—My Senses, form'd by Nature for Delight, are all alarm'd.—My Sight, my Hearing, Taste and Touch, call loudly on me for their Objects, and they shall be satisfy'd. *(Exit.)*

A C T III.

SCENE A Levee.

Young Wou'dbe dressing, and several Gentlemen whispering him by Turns.

Y. W. **S**URELY the greatest Ornament of Quality is a clean and numerous Levee; such a Crowd of Attendance for the cheap Reward of Words and Promises, distinguishes the Nobility from those that pay Wages to their Servants.

(A Gentleman whispers.)

Sir, I shall speak to the Commissioners, and use all my Interest, I can assure you, Sir.

(Another whispers.)

Sir, I shall meet some of your Board this Evening; let me see you To-morrow.

(A Third whispers.)

Sir, I'll consider of it——That Fellow's Breath stinks of Tobacco. *(Aside.)* O, Mr. Comick, your Servant.

Com. My Lord, I wish you Joy; I have something to shew your Lordship.

Y. W. What is it, pray, Sir?

Com. I have an Elegy upon the dead Lord, and a Panegyrick upon the living one: *In utrumque paratus*, my Lord.

Y. W. Ha, ha, very pretty, Mr. Comick:——But pray, Mr. Comick, why don't you write Plays; it wou'd give one an Opportunity of serving you?

Com. My Lord, I have writ one.

Y. W. Was it ever Acted?

Com. No, my Lord; but it has been a rehearsing these three Years and an half.

Y. W.

Y. W. A long Time. There must be a great deal of Business in it, surely.

Com. No, my Lord, none at all.—I have another Play just finished, but that I want a Plot for't.

Y. W. A Plot! you shou'd read the *Italian* and *Spanish* Plays, Mr. Comick—I like your Verses, here, mightily.—Here, Mr. Clear-account.

Com. Now for five Guineas at least. *(Aside.*

Y. W. Here, give Mr. Comick, give him—give him the *Spanish* Play that lies in the Closet Window.—Captain, can I do you any Service?

Cap. Pray, my Lord, use your Interest with the General for that vacant Commission: I hope, my Lord, the Blood I have already lost, may entitle me to spill the remainder in my Country's Cause.

Y. W. All the Reason in the World.—Captain, you may depend upon me for all the Service I can.

Gent. I hope your Lordship won't forget to speak to the General about that vacant Commission, altho' I have never made a Campaign; yet, my Lord, my Interest in the Country can raise me Men, which I think shou'd prefer me to that Gentleman, whose bloody Disposition frightens the poor People from lifting.

Y. W. All the Reason in the World, Sir; you may depend upon me for all the Service in my Power.—Captain, I'll do your Business for you—Sir, I'll speak to the General! I shall see him at the House—

(To the Gentlemen.

Enter a Citizen.

Oh, Mr. Alderman,—your Servant—Gentlemen all, I beg your Pardon. *(Exeunt Levee.*

Mr. Alderman, have you any Service to command me.

Ald. Your Lordship's humble Servant—I have a Favour to beg: You must know, I have a graceless Son, a Fellow that drinks and swears eternally, keeps a Whore in every Corner of the Town: In short, he is fit for no Kind of Thing but a Soldier—I'm so tir'd of him, that I intend to throw him into the Army, let the Fellow be ruin'd if he will.

Y. W. I commend your paternal Care, Sir!—can I do you any Service in this Affair?

Ald. Yes, my Lord; There is a vacant Company in Colonel

Colonel Whatd'ye callum's Regiment, and if your Lordship wou'd but speak to the General.

Y. W. Has your Son ever serv'd?

Ald. Serv'd! yes, my Lord, he's an Ensign in the Train'd Bands.

Y. W. Has he ever signaliz'd his Courage?

Ald. Often, often, my Lord; but one Day particular, you must know, his Captain was so busy shipping off a Cargo of Cheeses, that he left my Son to command in his Place—Wou'd you believe it, my Lord, he charg'd up *Cbeapside* in the Front of the Buff-Coats, with such Bravery and Courage, that I could not forbear wishing, in the Loyalty of my Heart, for ten thousand such Officers upon the *Rbine*.—Ah! my Lord, we must employ such Fellows as him, or we shall never humble the *French King*—Now, my Lord, if you cou'd find a convenient Time to hint these Things to the General.

Y. W. All the Reason in the World, Mr. Alderman, I'll do you all the Service I can.

Ald. You may tell him, he's a Man of Courage, fit for the Service; and then he loves Hardship.—He sleeps every other Night in the *Round-house*.

Y. W. I'll do you all the Service I can.

Ald. Then, my Lord, he salutes with his Pike so very handsomely, it went to his Mistress's Heart t'other Day—he beats a Drum like an Angel.

Y. W. Sir, I'll do you all the Service I can—

(Not taking the least Notice of the Alderman all this while, but dressing himself at the Glass.)

Ald. But, my Lord, the Hurry of your Lordship's Affairs may put my Business out of your Head; therefore, my Lord, I'll presume to leave you some *Memo-randum*.

Y. W. I'll do you all the Service I can.—

(Not minding him.)

Ald. Pray, my Lord, *(Pulling him by the Sleeve.)* give me leave for a *Memorandum*; my Glove, I suppose, will do: Here, my Lord, pray remember me—

(Lays his Glove upon the Table, and Exit.)

Y. W. I'll do you all the Service I can—What, is he gone? 'Tis the most rude familiar Fellow—Faugh, what

what a greasy Gauntlet is here—*A Purse drops out of the Glove.*) Oh! No, the Glove is a clean well made Glove, and the Owner of it the most respectful Person I have seen this Morning, he knows what distance (*Chinking the Purse.*) is due to a Man of Quality,—but what must I do for this? *Frifure* (*To his Valet,*) do you remember what the Alderman said to me?

Frif. No, my Lord, I thought your Lordship had.

Y. W. This Blockhead thinks a Man of Quality can mind what People say—when they do something, 'tis another Case. Here, call him back, (*Exit. Frifure.*) he talk'd something of the General, and his Son, and the Train'd-Bands, I know not what Stuff.

Re-enter Alderman, and Frifure.

Oh, Mr. Alderman, I have put your Memorandum in my Pocket.

Ald. O, my Lord, you do me too much Honour.

Y. W. But, Mr. Alderman, the Business you were talking of, it shall be done; but if you give a short Note of it to my Secretary, it would not be amiss—but, Mr. Alderman, ha'n't you the Fellow to this Glove, it fits me mighty well (*Putting on the Glove.*) It looks so like a Challenge to give a Man an odd Glove—and I wou'd have nothing that looks like Enmity between you and I, Mr. Alderman.

Ald. Truly, my Lord, I intended the other Glove for a Memorandum to the Colonel, but since your Lordship has a Mind to't——— (*Gives the Glove.*)

Y. W. Here, *Frifure*, lead this Gentleman to my Secretary, and bid him take a Note of his Business.

Ald. But, my Lord, *don't* do me all the Service you can now.

Y. W. Well, I *won't* do you all the Service I can—these Citizens have a strange Capacity of soliciting sometimes.

Exit. Ald.

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lord, here are your Taylor, your Vintner, your Bookseller, and half a dozen more with their Bills at the Door, and desire their Money.

Y. W. Tell 'em, Mr. Clearaccount, that when I was a private Gentleman, I had nothing else to do but to run in Debt, and now that I have got into a higher Rank,

Rank, I'm so very busy I can't pay it—as for that clamorous Rogue of a Taylor speak him fair, till he has made up my Liveries—then about a Year and a half hence, be at leisure to put him off for a Year and a half longer.

Stew. My Lord, there's a Gentleman below calls himself, Mr. *Basset*, he says that your Lordship owes him fifty Guineas that he won of you at Cards.

Y. W. Look'e, Sir—the Gentleman's Money is a Debt of Honour, and must be paid immediately.

Stew. Your Father thought otherwise, my Lord, he always took care to have the poor Tradesmen satisfy'd, whose only Subsistence lay in the Use of their Money, and was used to say, That nothing was honourable but what was honest.

Y. W. My Father might say what he pleas'd, he was a Nobleman of singular Humours—but in my Notion, there are not two Things in Nature more different than Honour and Honesty—now your Honesty is a little Mechanick Quality, well enough among Citizens, People that do nothing but pitiful mean Actions according to Law—but your Honour flies at a much higher Pitch, and will do any thing that's free and spontaneous, but scorns to level itself to what is only just.

Stew. But I think it is a little hard to have these poor People starve for want of their Money, and yet pay this sharpening Rascal fifty Guineas.

Y. W. Sharpening Rascal! What a Barbarism that is? Why he wears as good Wigs, as fine Linen, and keeps as good Company as any at *White's*; and between him and I, Sir, this sharpening Rascal as you are pleased to call him, shall make more Interest among the Nobility with his Cards and Counters, than a Soldier shall with his Sword and Pistol. Pray let him have fifty Guineas immediately.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE *the Street; Elder Would be writing in a Pocket-book, in a Riding-habit.*

E. W. Monday the 1702. I arriv'd safe in London, and so concluding my Travels.—

(*Putting up his Book.*)

Now welcome Country, Father, Friends,
My Brother too, (if Brothers can be Friends:)

But



But above all, my charming Fair my *Constance*,
Through all the Mazes of my wand'ring Steps,
Through all the various Climes that I have run;
Her Love has been the Loadstone of my Course,
Her Eyes the Stars that pointed me the Way;
Had not her Charms my Heart intire possess'd,
Who knows what *Circe's* artful Voice and Look
Might have ensnar'd my travelling Mouth,
And fix'd me to Enchantment?

*Enter Teague with a Port-Manteau. He throws it down
and sits on it.*

Here comes my Fellow-Traveller. What makes you
sit upon the Port-manteau, *Teague*! you'll rumple the
Things.

Te. Be me Shoule, Maishter, I did carry the Port-
mantel till it tir'd me; and now the Port-mantel shall
carry me till I tire him.

E. W. And how do you like *London*, *Teague*, after
our Travels?

Te. Fet, dear Joy, 'tis the bravest Plaase I have sheen
in my Peregrinations, exshepting mine own brave Shit-
ty of *Carrick-Vergus*—Uf, uf, dere ish a very fragrant
Shmell hereabouts—Maishter, shall I run to that Paish-
teery-cook's for shix Penny-worths of Boil'd Beef?

E. W. Tho' this Fellow travell'd the World over he
would never lose his Brogue nor his Stomach—Why,
you Cormorant, so hungry and so early!

Te. Early! Deel taake me Maishter, 'tish a great
deal more than almost twelve a-Clock.

E. W. Thou art never happy unless thy Guts be
stuffed up to thy Eyes.

Te. Oh Maishter, dere ish a dam way of dishtance,
and the deel a bit between.

*Enter Young Wou'dbe in a Chair, with four or five Foot-
men before him, and passes over the Stage.*

E. W. Hey day—who comes here? With one, two,
three, four, five Footmen! Some young Fellow just
tasting the sweet Vanity of Fortune—Run, *Teague*, in-
quire who that is.

Te. Yes, Maishter. (*Runs to one of the Footmen.*) Sir,
will you give mine humble Sharvice to your Maishter,
and tell him to send me word fat Naam ish upon him?

Foot.

Foot. You wou'd know fat Naam ish upon him?

Te. Yesh, fet you'd I.

Foot. Why, what are you, Sir?

Fe. Be me Shoul, I am a Shentleman bred and born, and dere ish my Maishter.

Foot. Then your Master would know it?

Te. Arah, you Fool, ish it not the saam ting?

Foot. Than tell your Master 'tis the young Lord *Wou'dbe*, just come to his Estate by the Death of his Father, and elder Brother. (Exit *Footman*.)

E. W. What do I hear?

Te. Yau hear dat you are dead, Maishter, fere vil you please to be buried?

E. W. But art thou sure it was my Brother?

Te. Be my Shoul it vas him nown shelf; I know'd him very vell, after his Maan told me.

E. W. The Business requires that I be convinc'd with my own Eyes; I'll follow him and know the Bottom on't—Stay here till I return.

Te. Dear Maishter, have a care upon your shelf: Now they know you are dead, by my Shoul they may kill you.

E. W. Don't fear; none of his Servants know me, and I'll take care to keep my Face from his Sight. It concerns me to conceal myself, till I know the Engines of this Contrivance.—Be sure you stay till I come to you; and let no body know whom you belong to.

(Exit.)

Te. Oh, oh, hon, poor *Teague* is left alone.

(Sits on the Port-Manteau.)

Enter Subtleman and Steward.

Sub. And you won't swear to the Will?

Stew. My Conscience tells me I dare not do't with Safety.

Subt. But if we make it lawful, what shou'd we fear? We now think nothing against Conscience, 'till the Cause be thrown out of Court.

Stew. In you, Sir, 'tis no Sin, because 'tis the Principle of your Profession: But in me, Sir, 'tis downright Perjury indeed.—You can't want Witnesses enough, since Money won't be wanting—and you must lose no time; for I heard just now, that the true Lord *Wou'dbe* was seen in Town, or his Ghost.

Subt.

Subt. It was his Ghost, to be sure: For a Nobleman without an Estate, is but the Shadow of a Lord—— Well; take no care: Leave me to myself; I'm near the *Friers*; and ten to one shall pick up an Evidence.

Stew. Speed you well, Sir. (*Exit.*)

Subt. There's a Fellow that has Hunger and the Gallows pictur'd in his Face, and looks like my Countryman—How now, honest Friend, what have you got under you there?

Te. Noting, dear Joy.

Sub. Nothing? Is it not a Port-Manteau?

Te. That is nothing to you.

Sub. The Fellow's a Wit.

Te. Fel am I? My Grandfader was an *Irish* Poet— He did write a great Book of Verses concerning the Vars between St. *Patrick* and the Wolf-Dogs.

Sub. Then thou art poor, I am afraid?

Te. By my Shoul, my sole Generation ish so.—I have noting but tish Port-Mantel, and that it shelf ish not my own.

Sub. Why, who does it belong to?

Te. To my Maishter, dear Joy.

Sub. Then you have a Master?

Te. Fet I have, but he's dead.

Sub. Right!—And how do you intend to live?

Te. By eating, dear Joy, sen I can get it, and by sleeping sen I can get none——"Tish the Fashion of *Ireland*.

Sub. What was your Master's Name, pray?

Te. (*Aside.*) I will tell a Lee now; but it shall be a true one.—*Macfadin*, dear Joy, was his Naam. He went over with King *Jamish* into *France*.—He was my Master once.—Deere ish de true Lee: noo. (*Aside.*)

Subt. What Employment had he?

Te. *Je ne scay pas.*

Sub. What, can you speak *French*?

Te. *Ouy Monsieur*,—I did travel *France* and *Spain*, and *Italy*—Dear Joy, I did kish the Pope's Toe, and dat will excuse me all the Sins of my Life; and sen I am dead, St. *Patrick* vill excuse the rest.

Sub. A rare Fellow for my purpose. (*Aside.*) Thou look'st like an honest Fellow; and if you'll go with me
to

to the next Tavern, I'll give thee a Dinner and a Glass of Wine.

Te. Be me Shoul 'tis dat I wanted, dear Joy: come along, I vill follow you.

(Runs out before Subtleman with the Port-Manteau on his Back. Exit Subtleman.)

Enter Elder Wou'dbe.

E. W. My Father dead! my Birth-right lost! How have my drowfie Stars slept over my Fortune? Ha! *(Looking about.)* My Servant gone! the simple, poor, ungrateful Wretch has left me.—I took him up from Poverty and Want; and now he leaves me just as I found him.—My Cloaths and Money too?——But why should I repine? Let Man but view the Dangers he has past, and few will fear what Hazards are to come. That Providence that has secur'd my Life from Robbers, Shipwreck, and from Sickness, is still the same; still kind whilst I am Just.—My Death, I find, is firmly believ'd; but how it gain'd so universal Credit, I fain wou'd learn—Who comes here?—honest Mr. Fairbank! My Father's Goldsmith, a Man of Substance and Integrity. The Alteration of five Years Absence, with the Report of my Death, may shade me from his Knowledge, till I enquire some News. *(Enter Fairbank.)* Sir, your humble Servant.

Fair. Sir, I don't know you. *(Shunning him.)*

E. W. I intend you no harm, Sir; but seeing you come from my Lord Wou'dbe's House, I would ask you a Question or two——Pray what Distemper did my Lord die of?

Fair. I am told it was an Apoplexy.

E. W. And pray, Sir, what does the World say? Is his Death lamented?

Fair. Lamented! My Eyes that Question should resolve; Friend.—Thou knew'st him not; else thy own Heart had answer'd thee.

E. W. His Grief, methinks, chides my Defect of Filial Duty. *(Aside.)* But I hope, Sir, his Loss is partly recompens'd in the Merits of his Successor.

Fair. It might have been; but his eldest Son, Heir to his Virtue and his Honour, was lately and unfortunately kill'd in Germany.

E. W. How unfortunately, Sir?

Fair.

Fair. Unfortunately for him and us——I do remember him—He was the mildest, humblest, sweetest Youth.

E. W. Happy indeed had been my Part in Life, if I had left this Human Stage, whilst this so spotless, and so fair Applause, had crown'd my going off. (*Aside.*) Well, Sir.

Fair. But those that saw him in his Travels, told such Wonders of his Improvement, that the Report recall'd his Father's Years; and with the Joy to hear his *Hermes* prais'd, he oft would break the Chains of Gout and Age; and leaping up with Strength of greenest Youth, cry, *My Hermes is myself; Methinks I live my sprightly Days again, and I am young in him.*

E. W. Spite of all Modesty, a Man must own a Pleasure in the hearing of his Praise. (*Aside.*)

Fair. You're thoughtful, Sir,—Had you any Relation to the Family we talk of?

E. W. None, Sir, beyond my private Concern in the publick Loss——But pray Sir, what Character does the present Lord bear?

Fair. Your Pardon, Sir. As for the Dead, their Memories are left unregarded, and Tongues may touch them freely: But for the Living, they have provided for the Safety of their Names by a strong Inclosure of the Law. There's a Thing call'd *Scandalum Magnatum*, Sir.

E. W. I commend your Caution, Sir; but be assur'd I intend not to entrap you.—I am a poor Gentleman; and having heard much of the Charity of the old Lord *Wou'dbe*, I had a mind to apply to his Son; and therefore enquir'd his Character.

Fair. Alas! Sir, Things are chang'd: That House was once what Poverty might go a Pilgrimage to seek, and have its Pains rewarded——The noble Lord, the truly noble Lord, held his Estate, his Honour, and his House, as if they were only lent upon the Interest of doing good to others. He kept a Porter not to exclude but serve the Poor. No Creditor was seen to guard his going out, or watch his coming in: No craving Eyes, but Looks of smiling Gratitude.—But now, that Family, which like a Garden fairly kept, invited every Stranger to its Fruit and Shade, is now run o'er with Weeds:

Weeds:—Nothing but Wine and Revelling within, a Croud of noisy Creditors without, a Train of Servants insolently proud—Wou'd you believe it, Sir, as I offer'd to go in just now, the rude Porter push'd me back with his Staff——I am at this Present, (Thanks to Providence and my Industry) worth twenty thousand Pounds. I pay the fifth Part of this to maintain the Liberty of the Nation; and yet this Slave, the impudent *Swiss* Slave offer'd to strike me.

E. W. 'Twas hard, Sir, very hard:—And if they us'd a Man of your Substance so roughly, how will they manage me, that am not worth a Groat?

Fair. I wou'd not willingly defraud your Hopes of what may happen.—If you can Drink and Swear, perhaps.——

E. W. I shall not pay that Price for his Lordship's Bounty wou'd it extend to Half he's worth.—Sir, I give you Thanks for your Caution, and shall steer another Course.

Fair. Sir, you look like an honest, modest Gentleman. Come Home with me; I am as able to give you a Dinner as my Lord; and you shall be very welcome to eat at my Table every Day till you are better provided.

E. W. Good Man (*Aside*) Sir, I must beg you to excuse me to Day: But I shall find a Time to accept of your Favours, or at least to thank you for 'em.

Fair. Sir, you shall be very welcome whenever you please. (Exit.)

E. W. Gramercy, Citizen! Surely, if Justice were an Herald she would give this Tradesman a nobler Coat of Arms than my Brother.—But I delay: I long to vindicate the Honour of my Station, and to displace this bold Usurper:—But one Concern methinks, is nearer still, my *Constance*! Shou'd she upon the Rumour of my Death, have fixt her Heart elsewhere,—then I were dead indeed! but if she still prove true,—Brother, sit fast.

I'll shake your Strength, all Obstacles remove,

Sustain'd by Justice, and inspir'd by Love. (Exit.)

S C E N E, an Apartment. Constance, Aurelia.

Con. For Heav'n sake, Cousin, cease your impertinent Consolation: It but makes me angry, and raises

two

two Passions in me instead of one. You see I commit no Extravagance, my Grief is silent enough: My Tears make no Noise to disturb any Body. I desire no Companion in my Sorrows; leave me to myself, and you comfort me.——

Aur. But, Cousin, have you no regard to your Reputation? This immoderate Concern for a young Fellow. What will the World say, You lament him like a Husband.——

Con. No; you mistake: I have no Rule nor Method for my Grief; no Pomp of black and darkned Rooms; no formal Month for Visits on my Bed. I am content with the slight Mourning of a broken Heart; and all my Form is Tears.

Enter Mandrake.

Man. Madam *Aurelia*, Madam, don't disturb her.—Every thing must have its vent, 'Tis a hard Case to be cross'd in one's first Love——But you shou'd consider, Madam, (*To Constance*) that we are all born to die, some young, some old.

Con. Better we all dy'd young, than to be plagu'd with Age, as I am. I find other Folks Years are as troublesome to us as our own.

Man. You have Reason, you have Cause to mourn. He was the handsomest Man, and the sweetest Babe, that I know; tho' I must confess, too, that *Ben* had much the finer Complexion when he was born: But then *Hermes*, O yes, *Hermes* had the Shape that he had——But of all the Infants that I ever beheld with my Eyes, I think *Ben* had the finest Ear, Wax-work, perfect Wax-work; and then he did so sputter at the Breast!—His Nurse was a hale, well-complexioned sprightly Jade, as ever I saw; but her Milk was a little too stale; tho' at the same time, 'twas as blue and clear as a Cambrick.

Aur. Do you intend all this, Madam, for a Consolation to my Cousin?

Man. No, no, Madam, that's to come.—I'll tell you, fair Lady, you have only lost the Man; the Estate and Title are still your own; and this very Moment I wou'd salute you, Lady *Wou'dbe*, if you pleas'd.

Con.

Con. Dear Madam, your Proposal is very tempting, let me but consider till To-morrow, and I'll give you an Answer.

Man. I knew it, I knew it; I said, when you were born, you wou'd be a Lady; I knew it. To-morrow you say, my Lord shall know it immediately. (*Exit.*)

Aur. What d'ye intend to do, Cousin?

Con. To go into the Country this Moment, to be free from the Impertinence of Condolance, the Persecution of that Monster of a Man, and that Devil of a Woman.—O *Aurelia*, I long to be alone. I am become so fond of Grief, that I would fly where I might enjoy it all, and have no Interruption in my darling Sorrow.

Enter Elder Wou'dbe unperceiv'd.

E. W. In Tears! perhaps for me! I'll try——

(*Drops a Picture, and goes back to the Entrance, and listens.*)

Aur. If there be ought in Grief delightful, don't grudge me a Share.

Con. No, my dear *Aurelia*. I'll engross it all. I lov'd him so, methinks I shou'd be jealous if any mourned his Death besides myself. What's here? (*Takes up the Picture,*) Ha! see Cousin—the very Face and Features of the Man! Sure some officious Angel has brought me this for a Companion in my Solitude—Now I'm fitted out for Sorrow. With this I'll sigh, with this converse, gaze on his Image till I grow blind with weeping.

Aur. I'm amaz'd! how came it here!

Con. Whether by Miracle or human Chance, 'tis all alike; I have it here: Nor shall it ever separate from my Breast—it's the only Thing cou'd give me Joy, because it will increase my Grief.

E. W. (*Ent'ring,*) Most glorious Woman! now I am fond of Life.

Aur. Ha! What's this? Your Business, pray Sir?

E. W. With this Lady. (*Goes to Constance, takes her Hand, and kneels.*) Here let me worship that Perfection, whose Virtue might attract the list'ning Angels, and make 'em smile to see such Purity, so like themselves in human Shape.

Con. *Hermes!*

E. W. Your living *Hermes*, who shall die yours too.

Con.

Con. Now Passion, powerful Passion, would bear me like a Whirlwind to his Arms:—But my Sex has Bounds—'Tis wondrous, Sir.

E. W. Most wondrous are the Works of Fate for Man, and most closely laid, is the Serpentine Line that guides him into Happiness!—that hidden Power which did permit those Arts to cheat me of my Birth-right, had this Surprise of Happiness in Store, well knowing that Grief is the best Preparative for Joy.

Con. I never found the true sweets of Love, till this romantick Turn, dead and alive! my Stars are Poetical. For Heaven's Sake, Sir, unriddle your Fortune.

E. W. That my dear Brother must do; for he made the *Enigma*.

Aur. Methinks I stand here like a Fool all this while: Would I had somebody or other to say a fine Thing or two to me.

E. W. Madam, I beg ten thousand Pardons: I have my Excuse in my Hand.

Aur. My Lord, I wish you Joy.

E. W. Pray, Madam, don't trouble me with a Title till I am better equipt for it. My Peerage wou'd look a little shabby in these Robes.

Con. You have a good Excuse, my Lord; you can wear better when you please.

E. W. I have a better Excuse, Madam,—these are the best I have.

Con. How, my Lord?

E. W. Very true, Madam, I am at present, I believe, the poorest Peer in *England*.—Hark'e, *Aurelia*, prithee lend me a Piece or Two.

Aur. Ha, ha, ha, poor Peer indeed! he wants a Guinea.

Con. I'm glad on't with all my Heart.

E. W. Why so, Madam?

Con. Because I can furnish you with Five Thousand.

E. W. Generous Woman!

Enter Trueman.

Ha, my Friend too!

True. I'm glad to find you here, my Lord: Here's a current Report about Town that you were kill'd. I

C

was

50 The TWIN-RIVALS.

was afraid it might reach this Family; so I come to disprove the Story by your Letter to me by the last Post.

Aur. I'm glad he's come; now it will be my Turn, Cousin.

True. Now, my Lord, I wish you Joy; and I expect the same from you.

E. W. With all my Heart; but upon what Score?

True. The old Score, Marriage.

E. W. To whom?

True. To a Neighbour Lady here.

(Looking at Aurelia.)

Aur. Impudence! *(Aside.)* The Lady mayn't be so near as you imagine, Sir.

True. The Lady mayn't be so near as you imagine, Madam.

Aur. Don't mistake me, Sir: I did not care if the Lady were in *Mexico*.

True. Nor I neither, Madam.

Aur. You're very short, Sir.

True. The shortest Pleasures are the sweetest, you know.

Aur. Sir, you appear very different to me, from what you were lately.

True. Madam, you appear very different to me to what you were lately.

Aur. Strange!

(This while Constance and Wou'dbe entertain one another in dumb Shew.)

True. Miraculous!

Aur. I could never have believ'd it.

True. Nor I, as I hope to be fav'd.

Aur. Ill Manners!

True. Worse.

Aur. How have I deserv'd it, Sir?

True. How have I deserv'd it, Madam?

Aur. What?

True. You.

Aur. Riddles!

True. Women!—My Lord, you'll hear of me at *White's*. Farewel.

(Runs off.)

E. W. What, *Trueman* gone!

Aur.

The TWIN-RIVALS. 51

Aur. Yes. *(Walks about in Disorder.*

Con. Bless me; what's the Matter, Cousin?

Aur. Nothing.

Con. Why are you uneasy?

Aur. Nothing.

Con. What ails you then?

Aur. Nothing—I don't love the Fellow—yet to be affronted,—I can't bear it.

(Bursts out a crying, and runs off.

Con. Your Friend, my Lord, has affronted *Aurelia*.

E. W. Impossible! His regard to me were sufficient Security for his good Behaviour here, tho' it were in his Nature to be rude elsewhere.—She has certainly us'd him ill.

Con. Too well rather.

E. W. Too well! have a care, Madam;—that, with some Men, is the greatest Provocation to a Slight.

Con. Don't mistake, my Lord, her Usage never went farther than mine to you; and I should take it very ill to be abus'd for it.

E. W. I'll follow him, and know the Cause of it.

Con. No, my Lord, we'll follow her, and know it: Besides your own Affairs with your Brother require you at present. *(Exeunt.*

A C T IV.

S C E N E *Lord Wou'dbe's House.*

Young Wou'dbe and Subtleman.

Y. W. **R**ETURN'D! Who saw him? Who spoke with him? He can't be return'd.

Subt. My Lord, he's below at the Gate parlying with the Porter, who has private Orders from me to admit no Body till you send him Word, that we may have the more Time to settle our Affairs.

Y. W. 'Tis a hard Case, Mr. *Subtleman*, that a Man can't enjoy his Right without all this Trouble.

Subt. Ah, my Lord, you see the Benefit of Law now, what an Advantage it is to the Publick for securing of
C 2
Property.

Property.—Had you not the Law o' your Side, who knows what Devices might be practis'd to defraud you of your Right—But I have secur'd all.—The Will is in true Form; and you have two Witnesses already to swear to the last Words of your Father.

Y. W. Then you have got another.

Sub. Yes, yes, a right one;—and I shall pick up another time enough before the Term;—And I have planted three or four Constables in the next Room, to take care of your Brother if he should be boisterous.

Y. W. Then you think we are secure.

Sub. Ay, ay, let him come now when he pleases:—I'll go down, and give Orders for his Admittance.

Y. W. Unkind Brother! to disturb me thus, just in the Swing and Stretch of my full Fortune! Where is the Tye of Blood and Nature, when Brothers will do this? Had he but staid till *Constance* had been mine, his Presence or his Absence had been then indifferent.

Enter Mandrake.

Man. Well, my Lord, (*Pants as out of Breath.*) You'll ne'er be satisfy'd you have broke my poor Heart. I have had such ado yonder about you with Madam *Constance*——but she's your own.

Y. W. How! my own! Ah, my dear Helpmate, I'm afraid we are routed in that Quarter: my Brother's come home.

Man. Your Brother come home; then I'll go travel.
(*Going.*)

Y. W. Hold, hold, Madam, we are all secure; we have provided for his Reception; your Nephew *Subtleman* has stop't up all Passages to the Estate.

Man. Ay, *Subtleman* is a pretty, thriving, ingenious Boy. Little do you think who is the Father of him. I'll tell you Mr. *Moabite* the rich Jew in *Lombard-street*.

Y. W. *Moabite* the Jew.

Man. You shall hear, my Lord:—One Evening, as I was very grave in my own House, reading the *Weekly Preparation*:—Ay, it was the *Weekly Preparation*, I do remember particularly well.—What hears me I——but pat, pat, pat, very softly at the Door. Come in, cries I, and presently enters Mr. *Moabite*, follow'd by a snug Chair, the Windows close drawn,

drawn, and it was a fine young Virgin just upon the Point of being deliver'd.——We were all in a great hurly burly for a while to be sure; but our Production was a fine Boy.—I had fifty Guineas for my Trouble; the Lady was wrapt up very warm, plac'd in her Chair, and reconvey'd to the Place she came from. Who she was, or what she was, I cou'd never learn, tho' my Maid said that the Chair went thro' the Park——but the Child was left with me.——The Father wou'd have made a *Jew* on't presently, but I swore if he committed such a Barbarity on the Infant, that I would discover all.——So I had him brought up a good Christian, and bound Prentice to an Attorney.

Y. W. Very well!

Man. Ah, my Lord, there's many a pretty Fellow in *London* that knows as little of their true Father and Mother as he does: I have had several such Jobs in my Time;—there was one *Scotch* Nobleman that brought me Four in half a Year.

Y. W. Four! and how were they all provided for?

Man. Very handsomely indeed; they were two Sons and two Daughters, the eldest Son rides in the first Troop of Guards, and the other is a very pretty Fellow, and his Father's *Valet de Chambre*.

Y. W. And what is become of the Daughters, pray?

Man. Why, one of 'em is a Manteau-maker, and the youngest has got into the Play-house.——Ay, ay, my Lord, let *Subtleman* alone, I'll warrant he'll manage your Brother: Adsmylife, here's some Body coming, I wou'd not be seen.

Y. W. 'Tis my Brother, and he'll meet you upon the Stairs; 'adso, get into this Closet till he be gone.

(Shuts her into the Closet.)

Enter E. Wou'dbe and Subtleman.

My Brother! dearest Brother welcome!

(Runs and embraces him.)

E. W. I can't dissemble, Sir, else I wou'd return your false Embrace.

Y. W. False Embrace! still suspicious of me! I thought that five Years absence might have cool'd the unmanly Heats of our childish Days; that I am over-

joy'd at your Return, let this testify, this Moment I resign all Right und Title to your Honour, and salute you Lord.

E. W. I want not your Permission to enjoy my Right; here I am Lord and Master without your Resignation; and the first Use I make of my Authority, is, to discard that rude, bull-fac'd Fellow at the Door. Where is my Steward? (*Enter Clearaccount.*) Mr. *Clearaccount*, let that pamper'd Centinel below, this Minute be discharg'd.—Brother, I wonder you cou'd feed such a Swarm of lazy idle Drones about you, and leave the poor industrious Bees, that fed you from their Hives, to starve for Want.—Steward, look to't; if I have not Discharges for every Farthing of my Father's Debts upon my Toilet To-morrow Morning, you shall follow the Tipstaff, I can assure you.

Y. W. Hold, hold, my Lord, you usurp too large a Power, methinks, o'er my Family.

E. W. Your Family!

Y. W. Yes, my Family; you have no Title to Lord it here.—Mr. *Clearaccount*, you know your Master.

E. W. How! a Combination against me!—Brother, take heed how you deal with one, that cautious of your Falshood, comes prepar'd to meet your Arts, and can resort your Cunning to your Infamy: Your black unnatural Designs against my Life, before I went Abroad, my Charity can pardon; but my Prudence must remember to guard me from your Malice for the future.

Y. W. Our Father's weak and fond Surmise! which he upon his Death-bed own'd; and to recompense me for that injurious, unnatural suspicion, he left me sole Heir to his Estate.—Now, my Lord, my House and Servants are——at your Service.

E. W. Villany beyond Example! have I not Letters from my Father, of scarce a Fortnight's Date, where he repeats his Fears for my Return, lest it should again expose me to your Hatred?

Subt. Well, well, these are no Proofs, no Proofs, my Lord; they won't pass in Court against positive Evidence; Here is your Father's Will, *signatum & sigillatum*,

tum, besides his last Words to confirm it, to which I can take my positive Oath in any Court of *Westminster*.

E. W. What are you, Sir?

Subt. Of *Clifford's* Inn, my Lord, I belong to the Law.

E. W. Thou art the Worm and Maggot of the Law, bred in the bruised and rotten Parts, and now are nourish'd on the same Corruption that produc'd thee.—The *English* Law, as planted first, was like the *English* Oak, shooting its spreading Arms around, to shelter all that dwelt beneath its Shade:—but now whole Swarms of Caterpillars, like you, hang in such Clusters upon every Branch, that the once thriving Tree now sheds infectious Vermin on our Heads.

Y. W. My Lord, I have some Company above; if your Lordship will drink a Glass of Wine, we shall be proud of the Honour! if not, I shall attend you at any Court of Judicature, whenever you please to summon me. *(Going.)*

E. W. Hold, Sir,—perhaps my Father's dying Weakness was impos'd on, and he has left him Heirs; if so, his Will shall freely be obey'd. *(Aside.)* Brother, you say you have a Will.

Subt. Here it is. *(Shewing a Parchment.)*

E. W. Let me see it.

Subt. There's no Precedent for that, my Lord.

E. W. Upon my Honour, I'll restore it.

Y. W. Upon my Honour, but you shan't.—

(Takes it from Subt. and puts it in his Pocket.)

E. W. This Over-caution, Brother, is suspicious.

Y. W. Seven thousand Pounds a Year is worth looking after.

E. W. Therefore you cannot take it ill that I am a little inquisitive about it.—Have you Witnesses to prove my Father's dying Words?

Y. W. A Couple in the House.

E. W. Who are they?

Subt. Witnesses, my Lord!—"Tis unwarrantable to enquire into the Merits of the Cause out of Court; — my Client shall answer no more Questions.

E. W. Perhaps, Sir, upon a satisfactory Account of his Title, I intend to leave your Client to the quiet Enjoyment of his Right, without troubling any Court with the Business; I therefore desire to know what kind of Persons are these Witnesses.

Subt. Oh, he's a coming about. (*Aside.*) I told your Lordship already, that I am one, another is in the House; one my Lord's Footmen.

E. W. Where's this Footman?

Y. W. Forth-coming.

E. W. Produce him.

Subt. That I shall presently.——The Day's our own, Sir; (*To Y. W.*) but you shall engage first to ask him no cross Questions. (*Exit. Subt.*)

E. W. I am not skill'd in such: But, pray Brother, did my Father quite forget me? left me nothing!

Y. W. Truly, my Lord, nothing:——He spoke but little, left no Legacies.

E. W. 'Tis strange; he was extremely just, and lov'd me too;——but perhaps.——

(*Enter Subtleman with Teague.*)

Subt. My Lord, here's another Evidence.

E. W. Teague!

Y. W. My Brother's Servant!

(*They all four stare upon one another.*)

Subt. His Servant!

Tea. Maishter! see here Maishter, I did get all disht, (*Chinks Money.*) for being an Evidenst, dear Joy; an be me Shoule, I vil give de half of it to you, if you vill give me your Permission to maake swear against you.

E. W. My Wonder is divided between the Villainy of the Fact, and the Amazement of the Discovery! Teague! my very Servant! sure I dream.

Tea. Fet, dere isht no dreaming in de Cash; I'm sure the Croon Piecesth are awaake, for I have been taaking with them disht half hour.

Y. W. Ignorant unlucky Man, thou hast ruin'd me; why had not I a Sight of him before?

Subt. I thought the Fellow had been too ignorant to be a Knave.

Te. Be me Shoule, you lee, dear Joy——I can bear Knave, as vel as you, sen I tink it Conveniency.

E. W.

E. W. Now, Brother! speechless! Your Oracle too silenc'd! Is all your boasted Fortune sunk to the guilty Blushing for a Crime? But I scorn to insult.—Let Disappointment be your Punishment: But for your Lawyer there,—*Teague*, lay hold of him.

Subt. Let none dare to attack me without a legal Warrant.

Te. Attach! no, dear Joy, I cannot attach you—but I can catch you by de Troat, after de Fashion of *Ireland*. (*Takes Subtleman by the Throat.*)

Subt. An Assault! an Assault!

Te. No, no, tish noting but choaking, noting but choaking.

E. W. Hold him fast, *Teague*—Now, Sir, (*To Y. W.*) because I was your Brother, you wou'd have betray'd me; and because I am your Brother, I forgive it;—dispose yourself as you think fit.—I'll order Mr. *Clear-account* to give you a thousand Pounds. Go take it, and pay me by your Absence.

Y. W. I scorn your beggarly Benevolence: Had my Designs succeeded, I wou'd not have allow'd you the Weight of a Wafer, and therefore will accept none.—As for that Lawyer, he deserves to be pillory'd, not for his Cunning in deceiving you, but for his Ignorance in betraying me.—The Villain has defrauded me of Seven thousand Pounds a Year. Farewel— (*Going.* *Enter Mandrake out of the Closet, runs to Y. W. and kneels.*)

Man. My Lord, my dear Lord *Wou'dbe*, I beg you ten thousand Pardons.

Y. W. What Offence hast thou done to me?

Man. An Offence the most injurious—I have hitherto conceal'd a Secret in my Breast, to the Offence of Justice, and the defrauding your Lordship of your true Right and Title. You, *Benjamin Wou'dbe*, with the crooked Back, are the eldest born, and true Heir to the Estate and Dignity.

Om. How?

Te. Arah, how?

Man. None, my Lord, can tell better than I, who brought you both into the World—My deceas'd Lord, upon the Sight of your Deformity, engag'd me, by a considerable Reward, to say you were the last born,

that the beautiful Twin, likely to be the greater Ornament to the Family, might succeed him in his Honour.—This Secret my Conscience has long struggled with.—Upon the News that you were left Heir to the Estate, I thought Justice was satisfied, and I was resolved to keep it a Secret still; but my strange Chance overhearing what pass'd just now, my poor Conscience was rack'd, and I was forc'd to declare the Truth.

Y. W. By all my former Hopes, I cou'd have sworn it: I found the Spirit of Eldership in my Blood; my Pulses beat and swell'd for Seniority.—Mr. *Hermes Wou'd be*,——I'm your most humble Servant.

(*Foppishly.*)

E. W. *Hermes* is my Name, my Christian Name; of which I am prouder than of all Titles that Honour gives or Flattery bestows.—But thou, vain Bubble, puff up with the empty Breath of that more empty Woman; to let thee see how I despise thy Pride, I'll call thee Lord, dress thee up in Titles like a King at Arms; you shall be blazon'd round, like any Church in *Holland*; thy Pageantry shall exceed the Lord Mayor's; and yet this *Hermes*, plain *Hermes*, shall despise thee.

Subt. Well, well, this is nothing to the Purpose——Mistress, will you make an Affidavit of what you have said, before a Master in *Chancery*?

Man. That I can, tho' I were to die the next Minute after it.

Te. Den, dear Joy, you vou'd be dam the next Minute after dat.

E. W. All this is trifling, I must purge my House of this Nest of Villany at once.—Here, *Teague*, (*Whispers* *Teague.*) Go, make haste.

Te. Dat I can—(*As he runs out, Y. W. stops him.*)

Y. W. Where are you going, Sir?

Te. Only for a Pot of Ale, dear Joy, for you and my Maister, to drink Friends.

Y. W. You lie, Sirrah.

(*Pushes him back,*)

Te. Fet I do so.

E. W. What Violence to my Servant! Nay, then I'll force him a Passage.

Subt. An Assault, an Assault upon the Body of a Peer. Within there!

Enter

[Enter three or four Constables, one of 'em with a Black Patch on his Eye. They disarm E. W. and secure Teague.

E. W. This Plot was laid for my Reception. Unhand me, Constable.

Y. W. Have a Care, Mr. Constable, the Man is mad; he's possess'd with an odd Frensy, that he's my Brother, and my Elder too: So, because I wou'd not very willigly resign my House and Estate, he attempted to murder me.

Subt. Gentlemen, take care of that Fellow: He made an Assault upon my Body, *vi & armis*.

Te. Arah, fat is dat *wy at armish*?

Sub. No matter, Sirrah; I shall have you hang'd.

Te. Hang'd, dat is nothing, dear Joy;—We are us'd to't.

E. W. Unhand me, Villains, or by all——

Te. Have a caar, dear Maister, don't swear; we shall be had in the Croon-Offish: You know dere ish Sharpers about us. (*Looking about on them that hold him.*

Y. W. Mr. Constable, you know your Directions; away with 'em.

E. W. Hold——

Const. No, no, force him away.——

(*They all burry off, manent Y. W. and Mandrake.*

Y. W. Now my dear Prophetefs, My Sibyl; by all my dear Desires and Ambitions, I do believe you have spoken the Truth.—I am the Elder.

Man. No, no, Sir, the Devil a Word on't is true.—I wou'd not wrong my Conscience neither: For, faith and troth as I am an honest Woman, you were born above three Quarters of an Hour after him—but I don't much care if I do swear that you are the eldest.—What a Blessing it was that I was in the Closet at that Pinch. Had I not come out that Moment, you wou'd have sneakt off; your Brother had been in Possession, and then we had lost all; but now you are establish'd: Possession gets you Money, that gets you Law, and and Law you know—Down on your Knees, Sirrah, and ask me Blessing.

Y. W.

Y. W. No, my dear Mother, I'll give thee a Blessing, a Rent-charge of Five hundred Pound a Year, upon what Part of the Estate you will, during your Life.

Man. Thank you, my Lord, that Five hundred a Year will afford me a leisurely Life, and a handsome Retirement in the Country, where I mean to repent me of my Sins, and die a good Christian: For Heaven knows, I am old, and ought to bethink me of another Life.—Have you none of the Cordial left that we had in the Morning?

Y. W. Yes, yes, we'll go the Fountain-head.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Teague.

Te. Deel tauke me but dish ish a most shweet Bishness indeed; Maishters play de Fool, and Sharvants must shuffer for it. I am Prishoner in de Constable's House, bee mee Shoule, and shent abroad to fetch shome Bail for my Maishter; but soo shall bail poor *Teague* agra?

Enter Constance.

Oh, dere ish my Maishter's old Love. Indeed, I fear dish Bishness will spoil hish Fortune.

Con. Who's here, *Teague*? *(He turns from her.)*

Te. Deel tauke her, I did tought she could not know me agen, *(Constance goes about to look him in the Face. He turns from her.)* Dish ish not shivil, bee me Shoul, to know a Shentleman fither he vill or no.

Con. Why this, *Teague*? What's the Matter? Are you asham'd of me, or yourself, *Teague*?

Te. Of bote, bee mee Shoule.

Con. How does your Master, Sir?

Te. Very vel, dear Joy, and in Prishon.

Con. In Prison! how? where?

Te. Why, in the little *Bastile* yonder, at the End of the Street.

Con. Shew me the Way immediately.

Te. Fet, I can shew you the Hoose yonder: She yonder; bee my Shoul I shee his Faace yonder peeping troo the Iron Glas Window.

Con. I'll see him tho' a Dungeon were his Confinement.

(Runs out.)

Te.

Te. Ah—ould Kindness, be my Shoul, cannot bee forgotten. Now, if my Maister had but Grass enough to get her wit Child, her Word wou'd go for two; and she wou'd bail him and I bote. *(Exit.*

SCENE, *A Room miserably furnished, E. W. sitting and writing.*

*E. W. The Tow'r confines the Great,
The Spunging House the Poor;
Thus there are Degrees of State,
That ev'n the Wretched must endure.
Virgil, tho' cherished in Courts,
Relates but a splenetick Tale.
Cervantes Revels and Sports,
Altho' he writ in a Jail.*

Then hang Reflexions, *(starts up.)* I'll go write a Comedy. Oh, within there: Tell the Lieutenant o' th' Tower that I would speak with him.

Enter Constable.

Const. Ay, ay, the Man is mad: Lieutenant o' th' Tower! Ha, ha, ha; wou'd you cou'd make your Words good, Master.

E. W. Why? am not I Prisoner here? I know it by the stately Apartments.—What is that, pray, that hangs streaming down upon the Wall yonder?

Const. Yonder! 'tis Cobweb, Sir,

E. W. 'Tis false, Sir: 'tis as fine Tapestry as any in Europe.

Const. The Devil it is.

E. W. Then your Damask Bed here; the Flowers are so bold, I took 'em for Embroidery; and then the Head-work! *Point de Venice*, I protest.

Const. As good Kidderminster as any in England, I must confess! and tho' the Sheets be a little soil'd, yet I can assure you, Sir, that many an honest Gentleman has lain in them.

E. W. Pray, Sir, what did those two Indian Pieces cost, that are fixt up in the Corner of the Room.

Const. Indian Pieces, What the Devil, Sir, they are my old Jack-Boots, my Militia Boots.

E. W.

62 The TWIN-RIVALS.

E. W. I took 'em for two *China* Jars, upon my Word : But hark'e Friend, art thou content that these Things shou'd be as they are ?

Const. Content ! ay, Sir.

E. W. Why then should I complain ?

(One calls within.)

(Within.) Mr. Constable, here's a Woman will force her Way upon us : We can't stop her.

Const. Knock her down then, knock her down ; let no Woman come up, the Man's mad enough already.

Enter Constance.

Con. Who dares oppose me ?

(Throws him a Handful of Money.)

Const. Not I truly, Madam.

(Gathers up the Money.)

E. W. My *Constance* ! my Guardian-Angel here ! Then nought can hurt me.

Const. Hark'e, Sir, you may suppose the Bed to be a *Damask* Bed for half an Hour if you please.—

Con. No, no, Sir, your Prisoner must along with me.

Const. Ay, faith, the Woman's madder than the man.

Enter Trueman and Teague.

E. W. Ha ! *Trueman* too ! I'm proud to think that many a Prince has not so many true Friends in his Palace, as I have here in Prison ;——two such——

Te. Tree, be me Shoul.

True. My Lord, just as I heard of your Confinement, I was going to make myself a Prisoner. Behold the Fetters ; I had just bought the Wedding-Ring.

Con. I hope they are golden Fetters, Captain ?

True. They weigh Four thousand Pounds, Madam, besides the Purse, which is worth a Million.—My Lord, this very Evening was I to be marry'd ; but the News of your Misfortune has stopt me : I wou'd not gather Roses in a wet Hour.

E. W. Come, the Weather shall be clear ; the Thoughts of your good Fortune will make me easy, more than my own can do, if purchased by your Disappointment.

True.

True. Do you think, my Lord, that I can go to the Bed of Pleasure, whilst you lie in a Hovel.—Here, where is this Constable? How dare you do this, insolent Rascal?

Const. Insolent Rascal! do you know who you speak to, Sir?

True. Yes, Sirrah, don't I call you by your proper Name? How dare you confine a Peer of the Realm?

Const. Peer of the Realm! you may give good Words tho' I hope.

E. W. Ay, ay, Mr. Constable is in the Right, he did but his Duty, I suppose he had twenty Guineas for his Pains.

Const. No, I had but ten.

E. W. Hark'e, *Trueman*, this Fellow must be sooth'd, he'll be of use to us; I must employ you too in this Affair with my Brother.

True. Say no more, my Lord, I'll cut his Throat, 'tis but flying the Kingdom.

E. W. No, no, 'twill be more Revenge to worst him at his own Weapons. Cou'd I but force him out of his Garrison, that I might get into Possession, his Claim wou'd vanish immediately.—Does my Brother know you?

True. Very little, if at all

E. W. Hark'e.

(*Whispers.*)

True. It shall be done;—Look'e, Constable your're drawn into a wrong Cause, and it may prove your Destruction if you don't change Sides immediately;—We desire no Favour but the use of your Coat, Wig, and Staff, for half an Hour.

Const. Why truly, Sir, I understand now, by this Gentlewoman, that I know to be our Neighbour, that he is a Lord, and I heartily beg his Worship's Pardon, and if I can do your Honour any Service, your Grace may command me.

E. W. I'll reward you, but we must have the black Patch for the Eye too.

Te. I can give your Lordship wan; here set, 'tis a Plaishter for a shore Finger, and I have worn it but twish.

Con.—But pray, Captain, what was your Quarrel at *Aurelia* To-day?

True.

True. With your Permission, Madam, we'll mind my Lord's Business at present; when that's done, we'll mind the Lady's.—My Lord, I shall make an excellent Constable; I never had the Honour of a Civil Employment before: We'll equip ourselves in another Place: Here, you *Prince of Darkness*, have you ne'er a better Room into your House, these Iron Grates frighten the Lady.

Const. I have a handsome neat Parlour below, Sir.

True. Come along then, you must conduct us.—We don't intend to be out of your Sight, that you mayn't be out of our's.—(Aside.) (Exeunt.

S C E N E changes to an Apartment.

Enter Aurelia in a Passion, Richmore following.

Aur. Follow me not;—Age and Deformity with Quiet, were preferable to this vexatious Persecution; for Heav'n's sake, Mr. *Richmore*, what have I ever shewn to vindicate this Presumption of your's.

Rich. You shew it now, Madam; your Face, your Wit, your Shape, are all Temptations to undergo even the Rigour of your Disdain, for the bewitching Pleasure of your Company.

Aur. Then be assur'd, Sir, you shall reap no other Benefit by my Company; and if you think it a Pleasure to be constantly slighted, ridicul'd, and affronted, you shall have Admittance to such Entertainment whenever you will.

Rich. I take you at your Word, Madam; I am arm'd with Submission against all the Attacks of your Severity, and your Ladyship shall find, that my Resignation can bear much longer than your Rigour can inflict.

Aur. That is, in plain Terms, your Sufficiency will presume much longer than my Honour can resist—Sir, you might have spar'd the unmannerly Declaration to my Face, having already taken Care to let me know your Opinion of my Virtue, by your impudent Settlement, propos'd by Mrs. *Mandrake*.

Rich. By those fair Eyes, I'll double the Proposal; this soft, this white, this powerful Hand, (*Takes her by the Hand,*) shall write its own Conditions.

Aur. Then it shall write this—(*Strikes him.*) and if

if you like the Terms, you shall have more another Time.

(Exit.

Rich. Death and Madnes; a Blow—Twenty thousand Pounds Sterling for one Night's Revenge upon her dear, proud, disdainful Person!—Am I rich, as many a Sovereign Prince, wallow in wealth, yet can't command my Pleasure? Woman! If there be a Power in Gold, I yet shall triumph o'er thy Pride.

Enter Mandrake.

Man. O' my Troth, and so you shall, if I can help it.

Rich. Madam, Madam, here, here, here's Money, Gold, Silver, take, take, all, all, my Rings too; all shall be your's, make me but happy in this presumptuous Beauty, I'll make thee rich as Avarice can crave; if not, I'll murder thee and myself too.

Man. Your Bounty is too large, too large indeed, Sir.

Rich. Too large! no, 'tis Beggary without her—Lordships, Manors, Acres, Rents, Tythes and Trees, all, all shall fly out for my dear sweet Revenge.

Man. Say no more, this Night I'll put you in a way.

Rich. This Night?

Man. The Lady's Aunt is very near her Time—she goes abroad this Evening a visiting; in the mean Time I send to your Mistress, that her Aunt is fallen in Labour at my House: She comes in a Hurry, and then—

Rich. Shall I be there to meet her?

Man. Perhaps.

Rich. In a private Room?

Man. Mum.

Rich. No Creature to disturb us.

Man. Mum, I say, but you must give me your Word not to ravish her; nay, I can tell you, she won't be ravish'd.

Rich. Ravish! Let me see, I'm worth Five thousand Pounds a Year, twenty thousand Guineas in my Pocket, and may I not force a Toy that's scarce worth fifteen hundred Pound? I'll do't.

Her Beauty sets my Heart on Fire, beside
Th'injurious Blow has set on Fire my Pride;
The

67 The TWIN-RIVALS.

The bare Fruition were not worth my Pain,
The Joy will be to humble her Disdain;
Beyond Enjoyment will the Transport last
In Triumph when the Extasy is past,

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT V.

SCENE, *Lord Wou'dbe's House.*

Young Wou'dbe solus.

Y. W. **S**HEW me that proud Stoick that can bear
Success and Champaign, Philosophy can
support us in hard Fortune, but who can have Patience
in Prosperity? The Learned may talk what they will
of human Bodies, but I am sure there was not one
Atom in mine, but what is truly Epicurean. My Bro-
ther is secur'd, I guarded with my Friends, my lewd
and honest Midnight Friends——Holla, who waits
there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord!

Y. W. A fresh Battalion of Bottles to reinforce the
Cistern. Are the Ladies come?

Ser. Half an Hour ago, my Lord——they're be-
low in the bathing Chamber.

Y. W. Where did you light on 'em?

Ser. One in the Passage at the old Play-house, my
Lord——I found another very melancholy paring her
Nails by *Rosamond's Pond*,—and a Couple I got at the
Chequer Ale-house in *Holborn*; the two last came to
Town Yesterday in a West-Country Waggon.

Y. W. Very well, order *Baconface* to hasten Supper
—and d'ye hear? And bid the *Swiss* admit no Stran-
ger without acquainting me——(*Exit Servant.*)
Now Fortune I defy thee, this Night's my own at
least.

(*Re-enter Servant.*)

Ser.

Ser. My Lord, here's the Constable below with the black Eye, and he wants to speak with your Lordship in all haste.

Y. W. Ha! the Constable! Shou'd Fortune jilt me now?—bid him come up, I fear some curf'd Chance to thwart me.

Enter Trueman in the Constable's Clothes.

True. Ah! my Lord, here is sad News—your Brother is——

Y. W. Got away, made his Escape, I warrant you.

True. Worse, worse, my Lord.

Y. W. Worse, worse! what can be worse?

True. I dare not speak it.

Y. W. Death and Hell, Fellow, don't distract me.

True. He's dead.

Y. W. Dead!

True. Positively.

Y. W. *Coup de Grace, Cief Gramercy.*

True. Villain, I understand you. (*Aside,*

Y. W. But how, how, Mr. Constable? Speak it aloud, kill me with the Relation.

True. I don't know how, the poor Gentleman was very melancholy upon his Confinement, and so he desir'd me to send for a Gentlewoman that lives hard by here, may hap your Worship may know her.

Y. W. At the gilt Balcony in the Square?

True. The very same, a smart Woman truly—I went for her myself, but she was otherways engaged, not she truly, she wou'd not come——Wou'd you believe it, my Lord, at the hearing of this, the poor Man was like to drop down dead.

Y. W. Then he was but likely to drop dead?

True. Wou'd it were no more. Then I left him, and coming about two Hours after, I found him hang'd in his Sword-belt.

Y. W. Hang'd!

True. Dangling.

Y. W. *Le Coup declat!* Done like the noblest Roman of 'em all; but are you sure he's past all Recovery; Did you send for no Surgeon to bleed him?

True.

68 The TWIN-RIVALS.

True. No, my Lord, I forgot that—but I'll send immediately.

Y. W. No, no, Mr. Constable, 'tis too late now, too late—and the Lady wou'd not come, you say?

True. Not a Step wou'd she stir.

Y. W. Inhumane!—barbarous—dear, delicious Woman, now thou art mine—Where is the Body, Mr. Constable, I must see it.

True. By all means, my Lord, it lies in my Parlour; there's a Power of Company come in, and among the rest one, one, one *Trueman*, I think they call him, a devilish hot Fellow, he had lik'd to have pull'd the House down about our Ears, and swears—I told him he should pay for swearing—he gave me a Slap in the Face, said he was in the Army, and had a Commission for't.

Y. W. Capt. *Trueman*? A blustering kind of Rake-helly Officer.

True. Ay, my Lord, one of those Scoundrels that we pay Wages to for being knockt o'th' head for us.

Y. W. Ay, ay, one of those Fools that have only Brains to be knock'd out.

True. Son of a Whore. (*Aside.*) He's a plaguy impudent Fellow, my Lord; he swore that you were the greatest Villain upon the Earth.

Y. W. Ay, ay, but he durst not say that to my Face, Mr. Constable.

True. No, no, hang him, he said it behind your Back, to be sure—and he swore moreover.—Have a care, my Lord,—he swore that he wou'd cut your Throat whenever he met you.

Y. W. Will you swear that you heard him say so?

True. Heard him! Ay, as plainly as you hear me: He spoke the very Words that I speak to your Lordship.

Y. W. Well, well, I'll manage him—But now I think on't, I won't go to see the Body; it will but encrease my Grief—Mr. Constable, do you send for the Coroner: They must find him *Non-Compos*. He was mad before, you know. Here—something for your Trouble.

(*Gives Money.*)

True.

True. Thank your Honour.—But pray, my Lord, have a Care of that *Trueman*; he swears that he'll cut your Throat, and he will do't my Lord, he will do't.

Y. W. Never fear, never fear.

True. But he swore it, my Lord, and he will certainly do't. Pray have a Care. *(Exit.*

Y. W. Well, well——so,——the Devil's in't if I ben't the eldest now. What a Pack of civil Relations have I had here? My Father takes a Fit of the Apoplexy, makes a Face and goes off one way; my Brother takes a Fit of the Spleen, makes a Face and goes off t'other way.—Well, I must own he has found the way to mollify me, and I do love him with all my Heart; since he was so very civil to juggle into the World before me, I think he did very civilly to juggle out of it before me—But now my Joys! Without there—hollo——take off the Inquisition of the Gate; the Heir may now enter unsuspected.

*The Wolf is dead, the Shepherds may go play:
Ease follows Care; so rolls the World away.*

'Tis a Question whether Adversity or Prosperity makes the most Poets.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, a Footman brought this Letter, and waits for an Answer.

Y. W. Nothing from the *Elisian* Fields, I hope, *(Opening the Letter.)* What do I see, *CONSTANCE?* Spells and Magick in every Letter of the Name—Now for the sweet Contents.

M*Y Lord, I'm pleas'd to hear of your happy Change of Fortune, and shall be glad to see your Lordship this Evening to wish you Joy.*

CONSTANCE.

Now the Devil's in this *Mandrake*; she told me this Afternoon, that the Wind was chopping about; and it has got into the warm Corner already? Here, my Coach and Six to the Door: I'll visit my Sultana in State.—

As

As for the *Seraglio* below Stairs, you, my *Bashaws*, may possess 'em

(Exit.

SCENE, *The Street*. *Teague with a Lanthorn, True-*
man in the Constable's Habit following.

True. Blockhead, thou hast led us out of the Way; we have certainly past the Constable's House.

Te. Be me Shoul, dear Joy, I am never out of my Ways; for poor *Teague* has been a Vanderer ever since he was borned.

True. Hold up the Lanthorn: What Sign is that? The *St. Alban's Tavern*! Why, you blundering Fool, you have led me directly to *St. James's Square*, when you should have gone towards *Soho* (*Shrieking within*) Hark! What Noise is that over the way? a Woman's Cry!

Te. Fet is it—some Daumsel in Distress I believe, that has no mind to be reliev'd.

True. I'll use the Privilege of my Office to know what the Matter is.

Te. Hold, hold Maishter Captain, be me fet, dat ish not the way home.

Within.)—Help, Help, Murder! Help.

True. Ha! Here must be Mischief—Within there, open the Door in the King's Name, or I'll force it open—Here, *Teague*, break down the Door.

(*Teague takes the Staff, thumps at the Door.*

Te. Deel taake him, I have knock'd so long as I am able. Arah, Maishter, get a great long Ladder to get in the Vindow of the firht Room, and sho open de Door, and let in your shelf.

Within.) Help, help, help.

True. Knock harder, let's raise the Mob.

Te. O Maishter, I have tink just now of a brave Invention to maake dem come out; and be Shaint *Patrick*, dat very Bushiness did maake my nown shelf and my Fader run like de Devil out af my nown Hoose in my nown Countrey:—Be me Shoul, shet the House a fire.

Enter the Mob.

Mob. What's the Matter, Master Constable?

True.

The TWIN-RIVALS. 71

True. Gentlemen, I command your Assistance in the King's Name, to break into the House: There is Murder cry'd within.

Mob. Ay, ay, break open the Door.

(Mandrake at the Balcony.)

Man. What Noise is that below?

Te. Arah, vat Noise ish dat above?

Man. Only a poor Gentlewoman in Labour;—
'twill be over presently—Here, Mr. Constable; there's something for you to drink.

(Throws down a Purse, Teague takes it up.)

Te. Come Maishter, we have no more to shay, be me Shoule, *(Going.)* Arah, if you vil play de Constable right now, fet you vill come away.

True. No, no; there must be Villainy by this Bribe: Who lives in this House?

Mob. A Midwife, a Midwife, 'tis none of our Business: Let us be gone.

(Aurelia at the Window.)

Aur. Gentlemen, dear Gentlemen, help: a Rape, a Rape, Villainy.

True. Ha! That Voice I know—Give me the Staff, I'll make a Breach, I warrant you.

(Breaks open the Door, and all go in.)

SCENE *changes to the Inside of the House.*

Re-enter Trueman and Mob.

True. Gentlemen, search all about the House; let not a Soul escape.

Enter Aurelia, running with her Hair about her Ears, and out of Breath.

Aur. Dear Mr. Constable,———had you———staid but a Moment longer, I had been ruin'd.

True. Aurelia! Are you safe, Madam?

Aur. Yes, yes; I am safe———I think—but with enough ado: He is a Devilish strong Fellow.

True. Where is the Villain that attempted it?

Aur. Pshaw,—never mind the Villain;—look out the Woman of the House, the Devil, the Monster, that decoy'd me hither.

Enter Teague, baling in Mandrake by the Hair.

Te. Be me Shoul, I have taaken my Shaar of de Plunder. Let me she vat I have gotten, *(Takes her to the*

the Light.) Ububboo, a Vitch, a Vitch ; de very saam Vitch dat voud swaar my Maishter was de youngest.

True. How! *Mandrake!* This was the luckiest Disguise.—Come, my dear *Proserpine*, I'll take care of you.

Man. Pray, Sir, let me speak to you.

True. No, no ; I'll talk with you before a Magistrate.

———A Cart, *Bridewell*,———you understand me
———*Teague*, let her be your Prisoner, I'll wait on this Lady.

Aur. Mr. Constable, I'll reward you.

Te. It ish convenient noo by de Law of Armish, that I searh my Prishioner, for fear she may have some Pocket-Pishtols : Dere ish a Joak fod you, fait.

(Searches her Pocket.)

Man. Ah! don't use an old Woman so barbarously.

Te. Dear Joy, den fy were you as old Woman ? Dat is your Falt, not mine, Joy ! Uboo, here ish no-ting but scribble scrabble Papers, I tink.

(Pulls out a Handful of Letters.)

True. Let me see 'em ; they may be of Use—*(Looks over the Letters.)* For Mr. Richmore—Ah! Does he traffick hereabouts ?

Aur. That is the Villain that would have abus'd me.

True. Ha! Then he has abus'd you! Villain indeed?—Was his Name *Richmore*, Mistrefs? a lusty handsome Man?

Aur. Ay, ay, the very same: A lusty, ugly Fellow.

True. Let me see—whose Scrawl is this? *(Opens the Letter.)* Death and Confusion to my sight; *Clelia!* My Bride—His Whore—I've past a Precipice unseen, which to look back upon, shivers me with Terror.—This Night, this very Moment, had not my Friend been in Confinement, had not I worn this Drefs, had not *Aurelia* been in Danger, had not *Teague* found this Letter, had the least minutest Circumstance been omitted, what a Monster had I been! Mistrefs, is this same *Richmore* in the House, still, think'e?

Aur. 'Tis very probable he may.———

True. Very well.—*Teague*, take these Ladies over to the Tavern, and stay there till I come to you.—Ma-
dam,

dam, (*To Aurelia.*) Fear no Injury,—your Friends are near you.

Aur. What does he mean?

Te. Arah come, dear Joy, I vill give you a Pot of Vine out of your own Briberies here.

(*Hales out Mandrake. Exit Aurelia and Mob.*
(*Manet Trueman.*

Enter Richmore.

Rich. Since my Money won't prevail on this cross Fellow, I'll try what my Authority can do.—What's the meaning of this Riot, Constable? I have the Commission of the Peace, and can command you. Go about your Business, and leave your Prisoners with me.

True. No, Sir; the Prisoners shall go about their Business, and I'll be left with you—Look'e, Master, we don't use to make up these Matters before Company: So you and I must be in private a little.—You say, Sir, that you are a Justice of Peace.

Rich. Yes, Sir; I have my Commission in my Pocket.

True. I believe it.—Now, Sir, one good Turn deserves another: And if you will promise to do me a Kindness, why, you shall have as good as you bring.

Rich. What is it?

True. You must know, Sir, there is a Neighbour's Daughter that I had a woundy Kindness for: She had a very good repute all over the Parish, and might have marry'd very handsomely, that I must say; but I don't know how, we came together after a very kindly natural manner, and I swore, that I must say, I did swear confoundedly, that I would marry her: But I don't know how, I never car'd for marrying of her since.

Rich. How so?

True. Why, because I did my Business without it: That was the best way, I thought—The Truth is, she has some foolish Reasons to say she's with Child, and threatens mainly to have me taken up with a Warrant, and brought before a Justice of Peace. Now, Sir, I intend to come before you, and I hope your Worship will bring me off.

D

Rich.

Rich. Look'e, Sir, if the Woman prove with Child, and you swore to marry her, you must do't.

True. Ay, Master, but I am for Liberty and Property. I vote for Parliament Men: I pay Taxes, and truly I don't think Matrimony consistent with the Liberty of the Subject.

Rich. But in this Case, Sir, both Law and Justice will oblige you.

True. Why if it be the Law of the Land—I found a Letter here—I think it is for your Worship.

Rich. Ay, Sir, how came you by it?

True. By a very strange Accident, truly—*Clelia*—she says here you swore to marry her. Eh!—Now, Sir, I suppose that what is Law for a Petty-Constable, may be Law for a Justice of Peace.

Rich. This is the oddest Fellow——

True. Here was the t'other Lady that cry'd out so—I warrant now, if I were brought before you for ravishing a Woman—the Gallows wou'd ravish me for't.

Rich. But I did not ravish her.

True. That I'm glad to hear: I wanted to be sure of that.

Rich. I don't like this Fellow; Come, Sir, give me my Letter, and go about your Business; I have no more to say to you.

True. But I have something to say to you.

(Coming up to him.)

Rich. What!

True. Dog.

(Strikes him.)

Rich. Ha! struck by a Peasant! *(Draws.)* Slave, thy Death is certain.

(Runs at Trueman.)

True. O brave Don *John*, Rape and Murder in one Night!

(Disarms him.)

Rich. Rascal, return my Sword, and acquit your Prisoners, else will I prosecute thee to Beggary. I'll give some Petty fogger a thousand Pounds to starve thee and thy Family according to Law.

True. I'll lay you a thousand Pounds you won't.

(Discovering himself.)

Rich. Ghosts and Apparitions! *Trueman!*

True. Words are needless to upbraid you: my very Looks are sufficient; and if you have the least Sense of Shame,

Shame, this Sword wou'd be less painful in your Heart,
than my Appearance is in your Eye.

Rich. Truth, by Heavens.

True. Think on the Contents of this (*shewing a Letter.*) think next on me; reflect upon your Villany to *Aurelia*, then view thyself.

Rich. *Trueman*, canst thou forgive me?

True. Forgive thee! (*A long Pause.*) Do one thing and I will.

Rich. Any thing.—I'll beg thy Pardon.

True. The Blow excuses that.

Rich. I'll give thee half my Estate.

True. Mercenary.

Rich. I'll make thee my sole Heir.

True. I despise it.

Rich. What shall I do?

True. You shall marry—*Clelia*.

Rich. How! that's too hard.

True. Too hard! why was it then impos'd on me?
If you marry her yourself, I shall believe you intended me no Injury; so your Behaviour will be justified, my Resentment appeas'd, and the Lady's Honour repair'd.

Rich. 'Tis infamous.

True. No, by Heavens, 'tis Justice, and what is Just is Honourable: If Promises from Man to Man have Force, why not from Man to Woman?—Their very Weakness is the Charter of their Power, and they shou'd not be injur'd, because they can't return it.

Rich. Return my Sword.

True. In my Hand 'tis the Sword of Justice, and I shou'd not part with it.

Rich. Then sheath it here, I'll die before I consent so basely.

True. Consider, Sir, the Sword is worn for a distinguishing Mark of Honour:—Promise me one, and receive t'other.

Rich. I'll promise nothing, till I have that in my Power.

True. Take it.

(*Throws him his Sword.*)

Rich. I scorn to be compell'd even to Justice; and now that I may resist, I yield—*Trueman*, I have injur'd thee, and *Clelia* I have severely wrong'd.

True. Wrong'd indeed, Sir;—and to aggravate the Crime, the fair Afflicted loves you. Mark'd you with what Confusion she receiv'd me? She wept, the injur'd Innocence wept, and with a strange Reluctance gave consent; her moving Softness pierc'd my Heart, tho' I mistook the Cause.

Rich. Your youthful Virtue warms my Breast, and melts it into Tenderness.

True. Indulge it, Sir: Justice is noble in any Form: think of the Joys and Raptures will possess her, when she finds you instead of me; you, the dear Dissembler, the Man she loves, the Man she gave for lost, to find him true, return'd, and in her Arms.

Rich. No new Possession can give equal Joy:—It shall be done, the Priest that waits for you, shall tie the Knot this Moment; in the Morning I'll expect you'll give me Joy. *(Exit.)*

True. So, is not this better now than cutting of Throats? I have got my Revenge, and the Lady will have her's without Blood-shed. *(Exit.)*

SCENE changes to an Apartment, Constance and Servant.

Serv. He's just a coming up, Madam.

Con. My Civility to this Man will be as great a Constraint upon me, as Rudeness wou'd be to his Brother; but I must bear it a little, because our Designs require it; *(Enter Y. Wou'dbe.)* his Appearance shocks me;—My Lord, I wish you Joy.

Y. W. Madam, 'tis only in your Power to give it; and wou'd you honour me with a Title to be really proud of, it shou'd be that of your humblest Servant.

Con. I never admitted any Body to the Title of an humble Servant, that I did not intend shou'd command me; if your Lordship will bear with the Slavery, you shall begin when you please, provided you take upon you the Authority when I have a mind.

Y. W. Our Sex, Madam, make much better Lovers, than Husbands; and I think it highly unreasonable,

that

that you should put yourself in my Power, when you can so absolutely keep me in your's.

Con. No, my Lord, we never truly demand till we have given our Promise to obey; and we are never in more Danger of being made Slaves, than when we have 'em at our Feet.

Y. W. True, Madam, the greatest Empires are in most Danger of falling; but it is better to be absolute there than to act by a Prerogative that is confin'd.

Con. Well, well, my Lord, I like the Constitution we live under; I'm for a limited Power, or none at all.

Y. W. You have so much the Heart of the Subject, Madam, that you may Rule as you please; but you have weak Pretences to a limited Sway, where your Eyes have already play'd the Tyrant.—I think one Privilege of the People is to kiss their Sovereign's Hand. *(Taking her Hand.)*

Con. Not till they have taken the Oaths, my Lord, and he that refuses them in the Form the Law prescribes, is, I think, no better than a Rebel.

Y. W. By Shrines and Altars, *(Kneeling.)* by all that you think just, and I hold good, by this, *(Taking her Hand.)* the fairest, and the dearest Vow—

(Kissing her Hand.)

Con. Fie, my Lord.

Seemingly yielding.

Y. W. Your Eyes are mine, they bring me Tidings from your Heart, that this Night I shall be happy.

Con. Wou'd you not despise a Conquest so easily gain'd?

Y. W. Your's will be the Conquest, and I shall despise all the World but you.

Con. But will you promise to make no Attempts upon my Honour.

Y. W. That's foolish. *(Aside.)* Not Angels sent on Messages to Earth, shall visit with more Innocence.

Con. Ay, ay, to be sure—*(Aside.)* My Lord, I'll send one to conduct you. *(Exit.)*

Y. W. Ha, ha, ha;—no Attempts upon her Honour! When I can find the Place where it lies, I'll tell her more of my Mind.—Now I do feel ten thousand Cupids trickling me all over with the Points of their Ar-

rows.——Where's my Deformity now? I have read
somewhere, these Lines :

*Tho' Nature cast me in a rugged Mould,
Since Fate has chang'd the Bullion into Gold :
Cupid returns, breaks all his Shafts of Lead,
And tips each Arrow with a Golden Head.
Feather'd with Title, the gay lordly Dart,
Flies proudly on, whilst every Virgin's Heart
Swells with Ambition to receive the Smart.* }

Enter Elder Wou'dbe behind him.

*E. W. Thus to adorn Dramatick Story,
Stage Hero struts in borrow'd Glory,
Proud and August as ever Man saw,
And ends his Empire in a Stanza.*

(Slaps him on the Shoulder.

Y. W. Ha! my Brother!

E. W. No, perfidious Man; all Kindred and Relation I disown: The poor Attempts upon my Fortune I cou'd pardon, but the base Designs upon my Love I can never forgive;—my Honour, Birthright, Riches. All I cou'd more freely spare than the least Thought of thy prevailing here.

Y. W. How! my Hopes deceiv'd; curs'd be the fair Delusions of her Sex: whilst only Man oppos'd my Cunning, I stood secure; but soon as Woman interpos'd, Luck chang'd Hands, and the Devil was immediately on her Side.——Well, Sir, much good may do you with your Mistress, and may you love and live, and starve together. *(Going.*

E. W. Hold, Sir, I was lately your Prisoner, now you are mine; when the Ejectment is executed, you shall be at Liberty.

Y. W. Ejectment!

E. W. Yes, Sir, by this Time, I hope, my Friends have purg'd my Father's House of that debauch'd and riotous Swarm that you had hiv'd together.

Y. W.

Y. W. Confusion, Sir, let me pass; I am the Elder, and will be obey'd. *(Draws.)*

E. W. Dar'st thou dispute the Eldership so nobly?

Y. W. I dare, and will, to the last Drop of my inveterate Blood. *(They fight.)*

Enter Trueman, and Teague. Trueman strikes down their Swords.

True. Hold, hold, my Lord, I have brought those shall soon decide the Controversy.

Y. W. If I mistake not, this is the Villain that decoy'd me abroad.

(Runs at Trueman, Teague catches his Arm behind, and takes away his Sword.)

Tea. Ay, be me Shoule, tish ish de besht Guard upon de Rules of Fighting, to catch a Man behind his Baack.

True. My Lord, a Word: *(Whispers E. Wou'dbe.)* Now, Gentlemen, please to hear this venerable Lady.

(Goes to the Door and brings in Mandrake.)

E. W. Mandrake in Custody!

Tea. In my Custody, fet.

True. Now, Madam, you know what Punishment is destin'd for the Injury offer'd to *Aurelia*, if you don't immediately confess the Truth.

Man. Then I must own, *(Heaven forgive me)* *(Weeping.)* I must own that *Hermes*, as he was still esteem'd, so he is the First born.

Tea. A wery honest Woman, be me Shoule.

Y. W. That Confession is extorted by Fear, and therefore of no Force.

True. Ay, Sir, but here is your Letter to her, with the Ink scarce dry, where you repeat your Offer of Five hundred Pounds a Year to swear in your Behalf.

Tea. Dat wash Teague's finding out, and I believe Shaint Patrick put it in my Thoughts to pick her Pockets.

Enter Constance and Aurelia.

Con. I hope, Mr. Wou'dbe, you will make no Attempts upon my Person.

Y. W. Damn your Person.

E. W.

E. W. But pray, Madam, where have you been all this Evening? *(To Aurelia.)*

Aur. Very busy, I can assure you, Sir, here's an honest Constable that I could find in my Heart to marry, had the greasy Rogue but one Drop of genteel Blood in his Veins! what's become of him? *(Looking about.)*

Con. Bless me, Cousin, marry a Constable!

Aur. Why truly, Madam, if that Constable had not come in a very critical Minute, by this Time I had been glad to marry any Body.

True. I take you at your Word, Madam, you shall marry him this Moment; and if you don't say that I have genteel Blood in my Veins by To-morrow Morning—

Aur. And was it you, Sir?

True. Look'e, Madam, don't be asham'd; I found you a little in the *Disbaille*, that's the Truth on't, but you made a brave Defence.

Aur. I am oblig'd to you; and tho' you were a little whimsical To-day, this late Adventure has taught me how dangerous it is to provoke a Gentleman by ill Usage; therefore, if my Lord and this Lady will shew us a good Example, I think we must follow our Leaders, Captain.

True. As boldly as when Honour calls.

Con. My Lord, there was taken among your Brother's Jovial Crew, his Friend *Subtleman*, whom we have taken care to secure.

E. W. For him the Pillory! for you, Madam—
(To Mandrake.)

Tea. Be me Shoule, she shall be married to Maishter Fuller.

E. W. For you, Brother!—

Y. W. Poverty and Contempt—

To which I yield as to a milder Fate,

Than Obligations from the Man I hate. *(Exit.)*

E. W. Then take thy Wish—And now, I hope all Parties have receiv'd their due Rewards and Punishments.

Tea. But fat will you do for poor *Teague*, Maishter.

E. W. What shall I do for thee?

Tea.

The TWIN-RIVALS. 81

Tea. Arah, maak me a Justice of Peash, dear Joy.

E. W. Justice of Peace! thou art not qualify'd, Man.

Tea. Yest, fet am I—I can taak de Oats, and write my Mark——I can be an honest Man myself, and keep a great Rogue for my Clerk.

E. W. Well, well, you shall be taken Care of; and now, Captain, we set out for Happiness.——

*Let none despair wbat'e'r their Fortunes be,
Fortune must yield, wou'd Men but act like me.
Chuse a brave Friend as Partner of your Breast,
Be Active when your Right is in Contest;
Be true to Love, and Fate will do the rest.*

}

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. H O O K.

OUR Poet open'd with a loud War-like Blast,
But now weak Woman is his safest Cast,
To bring him off with Quarter at the last:
Not that he's vain to think, that I can say,
Or he can write fine Things to help the Play.
The various Scenes have drain'd his Strength and Art;
And I, you know, had a hard struggling Part:
But then he brought me off with Life and Limb;
Ah wou'd that I cou'd do as much for him——
Stay, let me think——your Favours to excite,
I still must act the Part I play'd To-night.
For whatsoe'er may be your sh; Pretence,
You like those best, that make the best Defence:
But this is needless——'Tis in vain to crave it,
If you have damn'd the Play, no Power can save it.
Not all the Wits of Athens, and of Rome,
Not Shakespear, Johnson, cou'd revoke its Doom:
Nay, what is more——if once your Anger rouses,
Not all the courted Beauties of both Houses.
He wou'd have ended here,——but I thought meet,
To tell him there was left one safe Retreat,
Protection sacred, at the Ladies Feet.
To that he answer'd in submissive Strain,
He pay'd all Homage to this Female Reign,
And therefore turn'd his Satire 'gainst the Men.
From your great Queen, this Sovereign Right ye draw,
To keep the Wits, as she the World in Awe.

To

EPILOGUE.

*To her bright Scepter, your bright Eyes they bow,
Such awful Splendor sits on ev'ry Brow,
All Scandal on the Sex were Treason now.
The Play can tell with what Poetic Care,
He labour'd to redress the injur'd Fair, [there.
And if you won't protect, the Men will damn him
Then save the Muse, that flies to you for Aid;
Perhaps my poor Request may some persuade,
Because it is the first I ever made.*

*Lately published by William Smith, Bookseller,
at the Hercules in Dame-street.*

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
B EN Johnson's Plays, 2 Vols. 12mo.	0	5	5
Poems and Fables, by John Dryden, Esq; late Poet-Laureat, 2 Vols. 12mo.	0	5	5
Farquhar's Works, 2 Vols. 12mo.	0	5	5
Gay's Poems, 12mo.	0	2	8 ha.
Congreve's Works, 2 Vols. 12mo.	0	5	5
Milton's Works, 2 Vols. 12mo.	0	6	0
Prior's Posthumous Works, and History of his own Time, 2 Vols. 12mo.	0	5	5
Thomson's Works, 2 Vols. 12mo.	0	5	5
Warburton's Shakspear, 8 Vols. 12mo.	1	6	0
Dr. Young's Works, 2 Vols. 12mo.	0	5	5
Tatler, 4 Vols. 12mo.	0	9	6
Turkish Spy, 8 Vols. 12mo.	0	17	0
Guardian, 2 Vols. 12mo.	0	5	5
Mottley's Life of Czar, Peter the Great, 3 Vols. 12mo.	0	9	0
Hudibras, 12mo.	0	3	3
Hanway's Travels into Persia, and over the Caspian Sea, 2 Vols. 8vo	0	12	0
Le Blanc's Letters on the English and French Nations, 2 Vols. 12mo.	0	5	5
The Marriage Act. A Novel, 2 Vols. 12mo.	0	4	4
The Cry, 2 Vols. 12mo.	0	5	5
Devil Dick, 12mo.	0	2	8 ha.
Joshua Trueman, 12mo.	0	2	8 ha.



